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CONTENTS

AUGUST, 1958

Episodes of the Month. <i>The Editor</i>	49
Two Studies in White Colonialism:	
Kenya: Wanted—An Arden-Clarke. <i>Catherine Hoskyns</i> ...	53
Georgia on My Mind. <i>Richard Bailey</i>	55
Adams and the Old Adam. <i>Denys Smith</i>	59
The Forked Island. <i>Dom Moraes</i>	62
Correspondence. <i>The Bishop of Johannesburg and Others</i>	66
Books: General:	
Development Down Under. <i>J. Enoch Powell, M.P.</i>	67
Dollars in Our Midst. <i>David Price, M.P.</i>	70
Trade Unions and the Law. <i>Sydney Jacobson</i>	71
Family Fortunes. <i>Eric Gillett</i>	72
Novels. <i>Ruby Millar</i>	76
Theatre: <i>Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet and Twelfth Night; The Trial of Mary Dugan; Living for Pleasure; For Adults Only; The Joshua Tree. Kaye Webb</i>	78
Music: <i>Interpreting. Robin Denniston</i>	79
Records. <i>Alec Robertson</i>	80
Finance. <i>Lombardo</i>	82
Crossword No. 24	84

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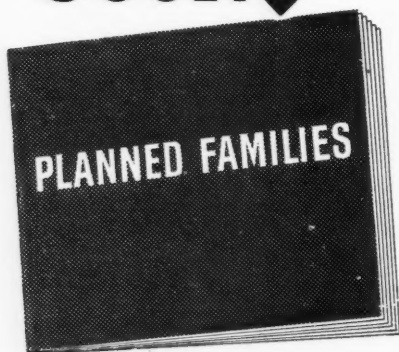
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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Episodes of the Month

MIDSUMMER MADNESS

WE could not believe, when we were writing last month, that the Americans would allow themselves to be seduced into military action in the Levant. It was clear that the present British Government might have a motive in trying to lure them into this course of action, so as to provide an appearance of vindication for the shame and folly of Suez, just as the French in 1956 had a motive in luring the British into an attempt to overthrow President Nasser by force, so as to assist their own campaign of repression in Algeria. But it seemed to us incredible that the American Government would succumb to the arguments of men whose views on Middle Eastern policy were so totally discredited as were those of Messrs. Macmillan and Selwyn Lloyd. We do not know whether or not British influence counted for much in the crazy decision which was taken. We only know that the British Government and the pathetic dupes who support its Middle Eastern policy have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing; that British and American troops have been sent blundering into the Middle East in a futile attempt to stem the tide of Arab nationalism; and that only harm can come of this latest act of ignorant folly.

The event that precipitated the decision to intervene was a revolution in Iraq, which was bound to occur sooner or later, but which was carried out unfortunately to the accompaniment of cruelty and violence. In this it differed from the revolution in Egypt. Nuri Es-Said, the veteran Prime Minister, the young King Feisal, and his uncle Crown Prince Abdul Illah, were murdered—whether by the deliberate intent of those who planned the revolution, or through the uncontrolled

spite of underlings, cannot at the time of writing be told. What is certain is that the Nuri regime was very unpopular and that the new regime enjoys a wide measure of popular support. Iraq derived much material benefit from Nuri's administration, but this could not outweigh the odium brought upon it by its essentially feudal character and its too close association with the West. Our readers may recall that in January, 1957, just after Suez, we wrote:

... in the Middle East the two key figures are still . . . General Nuri Es-Said, the Prime Minister of Iraq, and President Nasser of Egypt. They are sharply contrasted both in what they are and in what they stand for. Nuri is an old-fashioned aristocrat who, by great political adroitness, considerable toughness, and the economic strength derived from the Iraq Petroleum Company, has hitherto managed to achieve a *modus vivendi* with the revolutionary forces of Arab nationalism. Nasser, on the other hand, is the product and expression of those forces . . . Nuri and his like cannot therefore be regarded as necessarily the best long-term bet for those who are seeking stable arrangements in the Middle East.

We venture to claim that those observations have been justified by what has happened during the past eighteen months. Nuri's *modus vivendi* has now been shattered, in the grimmest and most literal sense. We salute his memory, and we grieve for the individuals who have suffered in this cataclysm; but we must not allow our political judgment to be swayed by emotional reactions. We must lose no time in recognizing the new Government of Iraq, and above all we must as soon as possible come to terms with Arab nationalism and



A.P.
GENERAL KASSEM, LEADER OF THE REVOLUTION
IN IRAQ.

its leader for the time being, President Nasser.

Nasser is no Stoooge

BY the Conservative lunatic fringe (which includes most Tory Ministers and M.Ps. and an even higher proportion of local Tammany bosses) the Egyptian President is still described, rather illogically, either as "another Hitler" or as a "tool of Soviet Communism." Both these descriptions are grotesquely wide of the mark. Unlike Hitler, he is a man of religious faith, with a balanced and virtuous private life; he is also, as revolutionary leaders go, conspicuously humane. Though he undoubtedly shares the interest in, and admiration for, Soviet economic achievements which any man responsible for an under-developed country is bound to feel, he is very far from being a Russian satellite. The proof of this, if proof were needed, is that he has recently gone out of his way to show goodwill towards Tito. Nasser is in fact a nationalist, pure and simple. He aims at the creation of a united Arab State, independent of both the main power blocks and neutral in the Cold War.

Why should we oppose this aim? Of what value to us is the present Balkanized Middle East? If we can forget our pride and concentrate on our vital interests, we must

surely see that chronic instability is more to be feared than the triumph of Arab nationalism. Our politicians and commentators must rid themselves of the dangerous habit of classifying foreign governments as either "pro-Western" or "anti-Western." Any government which depends for its survival upon outside aid is apt to be insecure, and when that dependence is combined with political conformity and military alignment the insecurity is much increased. Failure to appreciate this fact is the basic weakness in the Eisenhower Doctrine and the Baghdad Pact; and when Western troops are sent in to buttress the tottering fortunes of client regimes, the only result is that hostility to the West and pro-Western elements is intensified, while the regimes themselves automatically lose whatever domestic support they may have had.

Even if the majority of Arabs were longing to be under the ægis of Europe and America, it is very open to question whether such a state of affairs would be desirable. There is much to be said for a *cordon sanitaire* of neutral, uncommitted nations between the Communist and non-Communist blocks. A world in which every nation was fully committed to one side or the other, and in which the rival systems were in physical contact along thousands of miles of frontier, in Asia as well as in Europe, would be an even more precarious world than the one we already know. But in any case the Arabs do not want to be patronized by the West; they bitterly resent the notion that their countries are a Western sphere of influence. This is not to say that they are unwilling to be friends with the West—on the contrary, most of them are anxious to be friends—but they are above all determined to be independent and they are easily affronted by any hint of superiority on the part of the Western Powers. Of course, they need Western capital and know-how, and they also depend upon Western markets for the disposal of their oil. Russia can help them, but they know very well that she cannot supply all their economic needs, burdened as she is with her own development and with the growing demands of Communist China. They have therefore strong motives for an understanding with the West, quite apart from being aware of what absolute dependence upon the Soviet Union would mean. But they want trade, if possible, rather than aid, and aid, when they must have it, without political or military strings. They also want their movement towards unity to be helped, not hindered.

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

Nehru's Advice Again Disregarded

IN all matters relating to the ex-subject peoples of Asia our most reliable guide is Mr. Nehru, who is not only a statesman of proved genius, but also a man who, through the circumstances of his life, has an instinctive understanding of both Western and Eastern psychology. We pointed out at the time of Suez that, had the Indian proposals for the future of the Canal been adopted at the first Lancaster House Conference, a fair and reasonable solution would have been achieved. As it was, the British Government voted against the proposals of its Commonwealth partner, and in favour of those put forward by Mr. Dulles. A similar churlishness has been shown in the present crisis: we were, alas, wrong to suppose that Mr. Macmillan had been transformed by his visit to India earlier this year. The tendency has been to go West rather than East; it was to Washington that the Foreign Secretary rushed off for consultations, not to Delhi. And in some sections of the British Press (the *Sunday Times*, for instance) Nehru has once again been treated as an enemy, simply because he has not been prepared to underwrite a policy which he knows very well to be disastrous.

It must never be forgotten that Nehru's India is the strongest bastion of democracy in Asia, and that this is due to Nehru's policy of so-called neutralism. In fact, he is no neutral; his opposition to Communism, though not hysterical or indiscriminating, is profound, and as a measure of his success it is only necessary to compare the number of Communists returned to Parliament in India with the number of Communist Deputies in France. He does not say that all military pacts are bad, but he is convinced that military arrangements entered into by Asian countries, such as Pakistan, in return for Western economic favours are more likely to assist than to obstruct the march of Communism. And he feels the same, of course, even more emphatically, of Western military intervention in Asian countries. All that has been happening in the Middle East lends weight to his opinion.

India is not, however, the only major Commonwealth country which has shown concern at the Anglo-American landings. Canada too has taken, under the Conservative Mr. Diefenbaker, much the same line that she took in 1956 under the Liberal leadership of St. Laurent and Lester Pearson. Among our Western allies the one most adversely affected is France, whose Government has



AMERICAN MARINES IN BEIRUT. A.P.

been at pains to conceal—or to show as little as possible—the vexation which it has naturally felt. General de Gaulle had a big enough problem on his hands already, without this quite unnecessary complication. He was making remarkable headway in the double task of appeasing the Arabs while giving the French Army and French chauvinists, on both sides of the Mediterranean, the impression that they had won the Algerian war. Now, through no fault of his, both aspects of this task have become very much more difficult.

A Gift to Khrushchev

THE British and American Governments have, in fact, while damaging their own interests and those of at least one very important ally, played straight into the hands of the Russians. *The Times* set up a new record for inanity when it said, in its leader on July 19: "The sudden appearance of American and British troops in the Levant is a severe counterblow to Russian policy and prestige." Three days later, in a letter to the same paper, Mr. Michael Ionides, who is an expert on Middle Eastern affairs and has recently been serving on the Iraq Development Board, stated the true position bluntly and passionately:

Now you are at the last round. . . . What are you going to do? Make terms with the Arab

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

movement whose reality you are now forced to acknowledge, and enjoy the mutual benefits of oil, trade and commerce, with a settlement over Israel which Arabs can accept? Or go on trying to pretend that Arab nationalism doesn't really exist except as a creation of Nasser and the Russians, drive the Arabs into the Russian camp, and take what terms the Arabs, with Russia behind them, are prepared to offer? Or, to save your face, drive on to war? (*The Times*, July 22.)

Khrushchev had only to avoid the mistake of sending Russian troops into the Middle East and then take the diplomatic initiative. This he did, with the diabolical skill of a Bismarck, in his invitation to the leaders of Britain, France, the United States and India to join him, and the Secretary-General of the United Nations, at an immediate Summit Conference. As a result of this invitation, and the disingenuous way in which it was answered by the British and American Governments, the Russians have gained perhaps their biggest propaganda victory since the war. The murderer of Nagy did not deserve such luck.

The Future

THE answer to Khrushchev was disingenuous because, the intervention in Lebanon and Jordan having been explained on the pretext that U.N. procedure was inadequate and too slow, it was hardly consistent to reject the idea of an immediate meeting in favour of one at the U.N. Whatever the motives, however, we very much hope the U.N. Summit meeting will occur and will lead to some result.

So far as the Middle East is concerned, the following conditions must form the basis of any settlement:

1. British and American troops must be withdrawn as soon as possible. That their departure will be followed by the almost instantaneous collapse of the regimes they were sent in to protect is a foregone conclusion.

2. The new Government in Iraq must be recognized.

3. We must enter into negotiation with President Nasser, who is the undoubted leader of Arab nationalism. The fact that we still have no Ambassador in Cairo is in itself a sufficient condemnation of our policy.

4. We must face the prospect that existing oil concessions will be substantially modified in the years ahead. Our dominant purpose should be to establish good relations not

merely with governments, but with peoples. Thus, and thus alone, can we hope to safeguard our oil supplies.

5. The frontiers of Israel must be revised by agreement with the Arabs and then effectively guaranteed.

It only remains for us to say that the behaviour of the Labour Opposition during the crisis—apart from distinguished speeches from some individuals—has been both cowardly and inept. Remembering, no doubt, that the official line on Suez had been unpopular with the rank and file, Mr. Gaitskell and a majority of the Parliamentary Party decided to soft-pedal their denunciation of the Anglo-American operation. But the tactics which they adopted were such that they have probably lost more ground in the country than if they had acted honestly and toughly. By not voting against the American landing in Lebanon, and then voting against the British intervention in Jordan, they made the worst of both worlds. Legally, the latter was more justifiable than the former, since King Hussein's constitutional right to ask for outside military help is very much clearer than President Chamoun's. But in both cases the policy was the same, and it was against this that any Opposition worth the name should have voted. Ironically, therefore, the Macmillan Government may have gained internally, while it has lost internationally; and the nation has been still further muddled, through the failure of any front-rank politician to give it a lead in the right direction. How long must we wait?

NEXT MONTH

A Study of Contemporary China
by a Special Correspondent

Dossier of Lord Montgomery
(held over from this month to
make way for Dom Moraes's
article)

Pages from a War-time Diary
by Sir Hamilton Kerr, Bart., M.P.

Two Studies in White Colonialism

KENYA: WANTED—AN ARDEN-CLARKE

By CATHERINE HOSKYNs

UNLESS British colonial policy in Kenya alters radically in the next two years, the country can look forward to a long period of boycotts, strikes and political unrest—if not another Mau Mau.

The African Elected Members—with a glance at Ghana and a long look at the Rhodesias—have made it clear that they will accept nothing short of full democracy as the political goal for Kenya. Nor will they take office until they are sure that the Government in which they are to serve is advancing the country towards that end. At the moment they remain within the Legislative Council but in obdurate opposition to the Government, the Europeans and the Constitution. The six million Africans whom they represent (and these range from the blanketed tribesman to the smartly suited Nairobi clerk) are being systematically organized into trade unions and political parties. In another two years the leaders will be able to back up their demands with widespread industrial action.

Five years ago the 50,000 European settlers were shaken out of a dream world by the primitive violence of Mau Mau. To-day they admit that the African should be represented but, living as they do on isolated farms and in contact with only a handful of illiterate labourers, they are unable to contemplate any substantial transfer of power. When the Minister of Finance, Mr. E. A. Vasey, stated that in his opinion an African majority in the Government was inevitable, horrified letters poured in from all over the country. At the same time the more liberal Europeans (or at least those who have realized that some concession to the Africans is necessary) are advocating a multi-racial government based on a common roll and a highly qualified franchise. To the Africans this seems the antithesis of democracy, and a subtle way of maintaining white domination on the Rhodesian pattern, since it treats the vote as a privilege rather than a right.

The 150,000 Asians in the country hesitate unhappily between white and black. The majority are business men and traders, to

whom religious differences are more real than politics. The Muslim tends to side with the European, the Hindu with the African.

Officially there is no colour bar. Europeans, Asians and Africans can, if they wish, ride on the same bus, eat in the same restaurant, go to the same cinema. Unofficially prejudice is strong and outside working hours the races rarely meet. The Administration makes little effort to break down the barriers and Government House, which could give the lead, remains aloof. Africans will point to discrimination everywhere: in the separate schools and hospitals, in the continued reservation of some of the best land for European settlement, and in the Government's failure to give the promised rise in the minimum wage while leaving profits untaxed. In Nairobi discontent is tangible and political feeling runs high.

In the midst of this the Colonial Office and the Kenya Government—mostly civil servants nominated from Westminster—pay lip-service to liberalism and African demands while continuing to protect the privileges of the whites. The Lyttelton Constitution gave the Africans eight representatives elected on a qualified procedure — and the Ministry of Community Development. When the Constitution proved unworkable owing to African opposition, the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lennox-Boyd imposed his own plan on the country. He was expected to make drastic changes; instead he tried to buy off the Africans by increasing their representation from eight to fourteen, and to placate the Europeans by making no other major change. At the same time he introduced into the Legislative Council twelve Special Members, four from each racial group, to be nominated and elected by the existing members sitting as an electoral college.

The Europeans welcomed this Constitution with an immediate and unwise joy; the Africans almost as quickly rejected it, pointing out that since the Europeans had a majority in the Legislative Council, the African vote would hardly affect the election of the Special



MR. TOM MBOYA

Camera Press.

Members. This election, they said, was merely an excuse to introduce tame Africans, or "black Europeans," into the Council. Since then the six Africans and the Special Members have been elected. The six have joined the eight in opposition; one of the African Special Members, Mr. Musa Amal-emba, has been made Minister of Housing and the deadlock continues as before.

To the average European the fourteen African members are irresponsible agitators who are needlessly inflaming the country. He claims that they do not represent "true African opinion" and should therefore be ignored. In fact their aims and their methods are, for 1958, surprisingly moderate. When they rejected the Lyttelton Constitution, they wrote to the Governor: "We have as our ultimate objective the development in this country of a society and a government where all, regardless of race and colour, have equal rights and opportunities. We want to assure you and all other racial groups that our move in rejecting the Lyttelton Constitution is not motivated by a desire for black domination. We regret that the circumstances make it impossible for us to act in any other way." They are intelligent enough to realize the economic importance of the European and Asian settler, but see no reason why this should entitle the immigrant communities to

indefinite political domination. They admit that democracy can only be reached gradually and that minority safeguards may be necessary. At the same time they demand that the African shall immediately be given a greater say in the government of his own country.

No one who has attended a political meeting in Nairobi, Kisumu or Mombasa can doubt that they have the support of the people. The urban workers gather in thousands to hear them; the more primitive tribes show their approval by sending presents of spears, shields and embroidered blankets. After the rejection of the Lennox-Boyd Constitution they toured their constituencies and were acclaimed everywhere.

In the end the strength of these Africans is the strength of Tom Mboya, trade union leader and Member for Nairobi. In eighteen months of political activity he has established a reputation both inside and outside Africa which is second only to that of Nkrumah in the West. All African leaders talk of democracy. He is unusual because he has both the ability to organize the Africans behind him and the tactical skill to force the Government to listen. In the Legislative Council his command of English impresses even his opponents and his speeches are among the most fluent as well as the most forceful.

Mboya is an impressive person to meet. He makes up his mind decisively and conciliates no one. His subordinates are efficiently, if ruthlessly, organized. His personal life is a curious mixture of restraint and excess. He never smokes and rarely drinks, but in other ways he is not ascetic; he likes the company of women, fast cars and smart clothes. This combination of ruthlessness and glamour have made him the idol of the African, and in a few words he can send a strike crowd home or have them dancing in the streets in anger. His picture hangs—usually beside that of the Queen—in the shanty houses of Nairobi and his name is known to the most illiterate tribesman. But in spite of this he is no racist. He was trained at Ruskin College, Oxford, and many of his closest friends are Europeans.

Government policy to date has been to belittle him politically and ignore him socially, in the hope that his opposition would waver. Instead, repeated snubs and the hero-worship of the Africans are hardening his attitude. There is a danger that unless his quality is recognized he will turn from a moderate with whom co-operation is possible to an extremist who will be hard to reconcile. Two months ago he and his colleagues were tried for

KENYA

criminal libel and intimidation after they had issued a statement dissuading Africans from standing for the Special Seats. To charge them was a political blunder, for it merely increased their status in the eyes of the Africans, but legally the fine of £75 was fully justified. The intimidation was not accidental and is indicative of a growing high-handedness.

Mboya controls both the trade unions and the strongest political party. In the past year both have grown and at the morient great efforts are being made to organize the workers on the tea, coffee and sisal estates in the rural areas. During the trial an experimental but largely successful boycott of buses, beer and cigarettes was carried out in Nairobi. All these are warnings the Government cannot afford to ignore. If they do not come to terms with Mboya, the country's economy will soon be dislocated by large-scale strikes and mass demonstrations.

African control of government in Kenya is now inevitable. The only question is whether this control will be gained with the co-operation of the immigrant races or against their wishes. If co-operation is given, the transition can be made steadily and slowly and the country move away from racial politics towards parliamentary democracy and self-government. If the Europeans continue to thwart the Africans there will be a bitter, and perhaps violent, racial struggle and the government established in the end may be far from democratic.

The choice lies with the Colonial Office; for only they can lead European opinion. In the development of Kenya towards independence the British have two functions: to convince the settlers that they can enjoy economic prosperity, as in the West Indies, without political domination, and to train and lead the Africans in the setting up of a genuine democracy.

Time is short and goodwill is running out. The Lennox-Boyd Constitution was based on two false assumptions: first, that in Kenya it is the Europeans who must be conciliated and the Africans coerced; and second, that it is possible to govern the country against the will of the African majority. This Constitution must be immediately withdrawn and a constitutional conference called at which all races are represented. It should be clearly stated that Kenya is to be a democracy and a programme of gradual reforms drawn up. Once the principle has been agreed the timing will seem less important.

In March a new Governor is to be appointed. He should be a man prepared to work with the African leaders: to treat them with respect politically and with friendship socially. Kenya has her Nkrumah; she badly needs an Arden-Clarke. At all costs Mboya's mind must be turned from the consideration of strikes and boycotts to the practical realities of government. The African demands are reasonable; they should be listened to before it is too late.

CATHERINE HOSKYNs.

GEORGIA ON MY MIND

By RICHARD BAILEY

AS I drove out to the airport at Philadelphia the snow was falling. It was mid-March. I was riding in one of those elongated cars known as limousines that ply between the main hotels and the airport in all American cities. They carry anything from five to eight passengers and their big advantage is that they have a fixed charge which is about a quarter that of the ordinary taxis. How they are organized or how, if at all, they manage to pay their way is a mystery. They are just part of the American way of life. You ring up the air line and the limousine calls at your hotel. It's as simple as that.

In one way the limousines make the wandering Englishman feel at home. There is no conversation. The passengers sit staring in front of them thinking of the place they have just left, or the one they are going to. In my

case on this particular morning the place on my mind was Georgia. For quite unexpectedly I had a chance to go and stay in a little town about thirty miles from Atlanta. It was my first visit to the South and I was frankly curious to see what I should find.

Taking stock in the limousine, I decided I didn't know very much at all about Georgia. It was associated in a loose sort of way with a number of unpleasant things. Governor Talmadge, the Klu Klux Klan, chain gangs and the town of Macon in the Paul Robeson record of "Water Boy." It was also associated with white colonial houses, Southern hospitality, cotton, Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea, barbecues, *Gone With the Wind* and the long memories of the Deep South. But above all Georgia meant segregation. What would it be like to live even for a few

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

days in a community with standards of value and conduct entirely different from our own? Should I find myself in a state of violent indignation throughout my stay or should I feel after a few days that a lot of fuss was being made about nothing?

We landed at Atlanta in bright sunshine, the snow was miles away. The temperature was up in the sixties, the flowering cherry trees were in bloom and the daffodils were making a wonderful show. Atlanta is the State capital. It attracted a number of industries during the war and now has some 500,000 inhabitants. It is the biggest Southern city east of the Mississippi. To look at it is like a hundred other American cities. A string of motels on the way into town, the coca-cola signs, the white-painted petrol stations, the suburban shopping centres with their self-service stores, are like others all over the United States. Then there are the loan society offices. "Why not come in now and tell your troubles to friendly BOB JONES?" says the sign. I often felt like going in just to see how friendly "Bob Jones" would turn out to be and how nicely he could say "No."

Atlanta is very proud of Peach Street, which is said to be the widest street in America except Canal Street, New Orleans. Peach trees are very common in Georgia and the words "the Peach State" appear on the number plate of every car registered there. Otherwise the big attractions of Atlanta are Rich's fine store and Emory University.

The first sign I saw of segregation was when I hailed a taxi. In Washington your taxi driver will most likely be a coloured man smoking a cigar. He will probably ignore you during the journey, the radio will be playing too loudly to allow conversation anyhow. But when you get out he will say, "Have a nice day now," and sound as though he really means it. In Atlanta they have two-kinds of cabs. One with white roofs driven by white drivers and carrying white passengers only. And another kind where all the whites become black. I hailed a cab with a black roof and the driver made a gesture which made me feel like a country cousin up for a day in the big city.

Otherwise segregation has no particular outward aspects, provided of course that you swim round in your particular bowl. Negroes go to their own cafes, cinemas and churches, and live in particular parts of town. But you can substitute "whites" for "negroes" and the sentence is still true. Segregation means in effect two communities. These overlap at

work and in the white houses where negro servants—particularly women—are employed. In the factories negroes work alongside white men. But on the whole they tend to hold the less well skilled, and therefore more poorly paid, jobs. And it is a fact that for most of them these are the only jobs they are capable of doing.

Outside the big city the race problem needs more careful handling because it is taking place on a smaller stage. Georgia is a big State in size, but a relatively poor one. It seems to have endless stretches of what are called "unpaved roads," which to the uninitiated look just like cart tracks across the fields. It has wonderful red soil that sticks to your shoes like gum if it happens to be wet. And above all Georgia has, in spring at any rate, a pleasantly warm climate that puts sitting in a rocking chair out on the back porch among the major pleasures of life.

At one time Georgia meant cotton. There used to be big plantations in the centre and southern parts of the State. But to-day with cotton losing out to synthetic fibres, and with the negroes moving out partly of their own accord, and partly as labour-saving machinery comes in, cotton is rapidly losing importance. The big farms now are given over to cattle breeding. Herefords (pronounced "Hur-fords") are the favourites. Around the town I stayed in there were a number of big new cattle-breeding stations. One farmer I talked to said he used to have twenty negro families on his farm. Now he had only one.

Others had not gone as far as this. In many places negroes are working as share-croppers growing cotton, vegetables and corn. But one of the most common sights along the country roads is the line of tumble-down cabins where the negroes used to live. "Our negroes have gone up to Atlanta. I guess there was nothing left for 'em to do here," is the usual explanation. Many negroes have simply moved into the textile mills in places like Millville where I stayed. Here there were two mills turning out cheap piece goods on the basis of local-grown cotton and a cheap labour supply. The total population of the town was around 6,000, divided about evenly in colour and, of course, income. Negroes in these mills have to work hard. For one thing there are plenty of their fellows ready to take their places. For another there are no trade unions outside the big cities in the South. A highly competent young man who was manager of one of the mills put the point to me in very simple terms: "Anybody who wants a job with us has got a straight choice," he said, "either he has a

GEORGIA ON MY MIND

labour card or he has a job. He doesn't have both." And that as far as he was concerned was the final answer. The manager of the other mill was less forthcoming. When he was asked if I could come to see the mill he replied simply, "We don't want no foreigners talking to nobody here." And that was that. People in small towns, whether they are in Georgia or Staffordshire know all about their neighbours. Millville was no exception. I stayed at the home of the leading doctor in the town and in a few days I seemed to be on speaking terms with a great many people. Southern hospitality is no myth. The people in Georgia were among the kindest and friendliest I met anywhere in the United States. Nevertheless they believe firmly in segregation. How does this work out in a small community?

Quite simply it means not so much a double standard as maximum and minimum standards. I visited the man who owned everything in town except the mills. And he had owned them but sold out at a good moment. This man had a beautiful white-painted colonial house. The garden was full of daffodils, the lawn as trim as any you would find in Oxford. Inside the furniture and pictures were in excellent taste. I was the first Englishman to visit Millville for several years and a party had been arranged. I was questioned about the two aspects of English life that seem to fascinate Americans everywhere. They are "Who will Princess Margaret marry?" and "How is 'Socialized' medicine working?" My host held an important position on the committee responsible for education in Georgia. I asked him about the scope of his activities, which ranged from Emory University and Georgia Tech. down to the public schools. He gave an interesting account of all that was involved. The Committee was just completing the provision of apparatus for training nuclear scientists that was, he said, the most modern in the world. "And what about integration of the schools?" I asked. Immediately we stepped back seventy years. "Our schools would be all right if these negroes would just leave them alone," he said. What would happen if the Federal Government pressed forward with integration? Would Georgia fall into line or would there be another Little Rock? "No, there'll be no Little Rock here," he said. "We've raised the money and we'll close the public schools and send our kids to private schools." That was all; no argument against integration, just a blank refusal to accept it.

And what do the negroes think about it all?

Most of them won't say, at least not to a stranger. I talked to a girl who was learning nursing in the town's little twelve-bed hospital. She wanted to go north where she could get a job in a city hospital and live a life of her own. Here there were few opportunities for study and the young men of her age group all had labourers' jobs. Some of the negro families are not too badly off from the purely material point of view. One family I visited had a '54 Chevrolet, a washing machine and a television set. But they lived in an unattractive wooden house on the edge of town and, in spite of their modern appliances, had practically no furniture. I arrived to find four children sitting on a form watching a Western on television. There were no carpets and the place was about as comfortable as a war-time army hut.

But this family was quite well off. The father worked in the mill and the mother had a job as a cook. Further out from town the wooden houses are more dilapidated and many have no electricity or water. Driving back from Jackson City there were mysterious flickering lights in the woods. These turned out to be the oil lamps in the negro cabins. Out there negroes were living in much the same sort of way as their fathers and grandfathers did. Except that some young negroes had a car of some sort bought with the help of "friendly Bob Jones." On Sundays cars of all ages can be seen taking negro families to church or to visit with their friends. Owning a car means a lot to a negro. "Set a negro up in a car and he's as good as the next man. He thinks he's as good as you and me."

It is always dangerous to generalize on the experience of a few days. A five-day expert is as likely to be wrong as the man who has spent years on a problem. All that the visitor can do is to set down his impressions of the small community he saw. On the whole it was the things that weren't happening that were most significant. Millville had not had any trouble over integration and didn't expect to have any simply because it was playing it all quietly. "We don't aim to kick no beehives down here" about sums it up. As for the negroes they don't want any trouble either. The white men control the jobs and can make it impossible for any negro who gets out of line to earn a living, so they go quietly on. Those on the farms are usually dependent on their employers for help and advice on all their family problems. If they want to save money to get married or for anything else they get the boss to keep it for them. If they fall sick and run into debt he

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

comes to their help, lends them money and generally sets them up again.

It would be quite wrong to suppose, however, that because the negroes are quiet that they accept their present status. The old folks who have never known anything else are contented enough. The young men and women see the American way of life so successfully put over by the ad-men on television and look around them and think, "I'll get none of this staying here." So there is a steady movement north to Philadelphia, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and other towns where life will still be much more difficult for the negro than the white man, but where his children will at least go to a proper school and have a better chance in the world than he did. This movement is causing considerable problems. The Southern negro is not, surprisingly, often illiterate and with little idea of how to look after himself in the big cities. It is not only the city authorities in the North who are finding the newcomers a problem. The negroes born and brought up in the cities themselves resent the influx from the South. They see their own hard-won economic freedom jeopardized by competition from cheaper labour. But even more serious, especially for the educated negro making his way in the professions who sees the prospect of life in an integrated community where coloured doctors, lawyers or teachers would live in the same neighbourhood as their white opposite numbers receding.

Meanwhile, although trouble flares up at some points in the Deep South, places like Millville go quietly on. The Elks will be organizing a pancake supper to raise funds to make tennis courts at the high school. The Kiwanis will be running a dance to buy seats to put in the park. The churches will be raising money for this, that and the other.

Thousands of very pleasant ordinary people will be giving their time and energy to the community in the unselfish way that is typical of American small-town life.

But in the South "togetherness" means something different, according to whether you happen to be black or white.

It may be true to say the South has learnt to live with the colour problem. But it is nowhere near solving it.

The political set-up in Georgia works to keep things the way they are. Each of the 159 counties, whatever its population, sends two representatives to the State Parliament. For the Senate elections are held every two years, taking the counties in rotation, so that only some of them are represented at any one time. The result is that the influence of the "Woolhats," the white farmer of the up-State areas is decisive. Georgia has a better record for the registration of negro voters than some of its neighbours, but no one would argue that it is anything but a white-controlled State and is likely to remain one. As Millville's representative in the State parliament put it to me: "These negroes here don't worry about government." The big question now seems to be what Government bothers about them.

So there it is. All over the United States there are people anxious to end segregation and make equal educational opportunities available for negro children. But with the peculiar political system in Georgia and other Southern States there are limitations on the democratic process. The best anyone can say with any certainty about desegregation is that progress is being made in the States bordering the South. It will be a long time before the Deep South itself says "Yes."

RICHARD BAILEY.

FOG

*Fog, friend of the blind, fond of the friendless,
Comfort and hide me in your silver coat
From those I envy, from the elect who gloat
Over my errors with sad smiles. Be endless
And let me lose my way or fall asleep
Not to return or wake till I've forgotten
Their names, faces; purge and blot out the rotten
Strain of time around me at one sweep.
All things, guilty or innocent, you hide—
Wild bird and silent hill; divide and rend
Man from his enemy or from his brother,
All who avoid, all who desire each other:
Above it all are those who take my side—
The sun, the planets, darkness-without-end.*

EDWARD LOWBURY.

ADAMS AND THE OLD ADAM

By DENYS SMITH

"WE know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality," wrote Macaulay apropos of Byron. Macaulay was lucky. He had never seen the U.S. in the midst of a Congressional investigation. The central figure in the latest American fit of outrageous virtue is the President's chief assistant, Sherman Adams, who accepted favours from (in less portentous language had exchanged presents for some twenty years with) an old friend, Bernard Goldfine. Adams had also made inquiries about cases in which Goldfine was involved with Government agencies. To avoid adding another unfounded charge to those heaped upon Adams's head it should be made clear at once that there is no personal similarity between him and Byron. In fact, part of Adams's troubles stems from the fact that he was the epitome of rigid New England puritanism. Finding out that he had been given presents and free hospitality by a Boston business man was like catching Malvolio guzzling cakes and ale. Enough people disliked Adams to relish his discomfiture and make the most of it.

Some three years ago two Boston business men fell out over a scheme to build a garage under Boston Common. One of them was John Fox, the other Bernard Goldfine. Thereafter everything went wrong with Fox's affairs. A paper he had bought, the *Boston Post*, went bankrupt; the Securities and Exchange Commission blocked a loan he wanted to float to salvage it; he was in trouble with internal revenue agents and people from whom he had borrowed money showed an unaccountable disposition to want it back. Everything pointed, in Fox's mind, to a conspiracy against him. The Government was being influenced by personal enemies to ruin him. Where and how was this influence exerted? The answer seemed plain enough. Goldfine was a friend of Adams, and Adams was perhaps the most powerful man in Washington after the President. Adams had "accepted favours" from Goldfine and so must have done something in return. Fox took his suspicions to a Congressional sub-committee which had the job of seeing that Government regulatory agencies followed the intent of Congress.

This sub-committee, on "legislative over-

sight," was not interested in the Fox-Goldfine personal feud, but the link with Adams was right down its alley. He was the man who had taken a leading part in the Republican campaign against Democratic corruption. If it could be shown that he was himself corrupt, or if the suspicion of corruption could be firmly planted in the public mind, then a powerful blow would be struck for the Democratic cause. The Republican debacle in next November's elections would be even greater than seemed likely before the scandal was unearthed. A good many Republican candidates drew the same political conclusions and in a panic frantically called upon Adams to resign for the good of the party. His resignation would have been the one thing which would have given some credence to a very weak Democratic case, but, as Nixon sourly remarked, Republicans always behave like cannibals when one of their number gets into trouble. Nixon knew from personal experience. He had been accused of diverting campaign funds to personal use in 1952 and many Republicans had clamoured for his resignation. Later, when Dulles was unpopular, his resignation was demanded. For nearly five years Republicans had been clamouring for the resignation of the Secretary of Agriculture, Benson, because his farm policies were unpopular in normally Republican farm districts. Not till the farm areas became one of the bright spots in the economic recession did the clamour die down. Now Adams was accused of using his influence with regulatory agencies to get preferential treatment for a friend from whom he had "accepted favours." Let him resign at once.

The favours consisted of free hotel accommodation, a vicuna overcoat and the loan of a rug for the furnished house he rented in Washington. This was certainly "imprudent," to use the description of both Adams and Eisenhower; see the trouble it got him in. Whether it was improper or unethical is another matter. The whole case against Adams hinged upon whether he had in fact used his influence to get something done for Goldfine which was unusual or underhand. No scrap of evidence was produced to show that he had.

The general climate of public behaviour is something which has to be taken into

consideration. Customs and traditions differ widely in different countries and different ages. Eisenhower, in a statement made when Adams first came under fire, remarked, "Almost without exception everybody seeking public office accepts political contributions. These are gifts to further his own political career. Yet we do not make a generality that these gifts are intended to colour the later official votes, recommendations and actions of the recipients. In the general case this whole activity is understood, accepted and approved." The President was saying, in short, that Adams's gifts from Goldfine must be considered against the background of the prevailing and traditional code of political and public behaviour.

The personal contact method of approach is something which pervades the whole of American life. You inadvertently mention you are about to buy a piece of household equipment and some friend will announce he can "get it for you wholesale." It would save much time and trouble, possibly even expense, to buy it directly from a retail store, but your friend would be very hurt if his help was declined. In the same way, if some visitor to Washington wants to see an official, he will ask his Congressman or a friend in the Government to make an appointment for him. Senator Bridges remarked the other day that it was the duty of any member of Congress to "contact" executive departments on behalf of a constituent. "If he didn't do that he wouldn't stay around here long." So the fact that Adams asked Government agencies for information about cases involving a friend and arranged interviews with officials for him, judged against the background of what was normal and ordinary behaviour in Washington, would not be proof that he had attempted to influence those agencies. The proof of the pudding would be in the eating.

Goldfine does not appear to have been treated any better or any worse than anybody else in a like situation. He himself remarked after describing his difficulties with the Securities and Exchange Commission which led to the imposition of a \$3,000 fine: "If it constitutes preferred treatment, I hope I never get any more of the same." Much was made of the fact that when Adams inquired about a mislabelling case the Federal Trade Commission had brought against a Goldfine firm, Adams was told, contrary to F.C.C. regulations, the name of the complaining company. It turned out that the Goldfine Company and the complainant, Einiger Mills,

had got together and reached a satisfactory solution under which all retailers were told they could either relabel or return the coats they had been sent. The name of the complaining firm had become public property some time before.

In the end the basis of the sub-committee's case was reduced to the narrow grounds that Goldfine had treated the money he spent on gifts and hotel rooms for Adams and others as business expenses which were deductible from income tax returns. This no doubt showed a lack of delicacy on Goldfine's part, though many people (including, one regrets to say, reporters) count entertaining officials as legitimate expenses, even when they do not anticipate getting preferred treatment from them. People who try to pay as large an income tax as they possibly can are rare. It would be stretching a point to say that Goldfine's action amounted to a confession that he got or hoped to get preferred treatment, and stretching it still more to say that it proved Adams gave it. It was brought out that Goldfine had also given Christmas cheques to over a score of people, secretaries and stenographers, who could scarcely have influenced anybody, however hard they tried.

There are some people (would one knew more of them) who get as much pleasure out of giving as others do out of receiving. They like to feel that they are in a position to make gifts, particularly if they once were not. It flatters their vanity and bolsters their self-esteem. The paradox that offering gifts can be thoroughly selfish has formed the theme of many a sermon on true charity. Goldfine, the immigrant boy who made good, appears to belong to this class. One reporter described him as a kind of Jewish Pickwick. One could well imagine Pickwick scattering gifts around with happy abandon. Such kindly comparisons were rare, for the American Press as a whole, neglecting Fox, went full cry after Adams and Goldfine. Many a pseudo-Sheridan sat down at his typewriter and joyously banged out his bogus-Begum speech. There is nothing so refreshing as a good righteous wallow. It was most unfair that when everybody had worked themselves up into a fine frenzy of moral indignation about Goldfine, a member of the Harris sub-committee staff was caught in the act of using a hidden microphone to overhear conversations between Goldfine and his aides. The offending investigator was at once allowed to resign, but the sub-committee was certainly negligent in not knowing about and not controlling activities which went on in its name.

ADAMS AND THE OLD ADAM

There is an expressive English colloquialism "Come off it," admirably suited to unhorse the pompous and the high-falutin. It has no exact American counterpart. Maybe words and phrases exist in some countries and not in others because the attribute or habit of mind they reflect exists in some countries and not in others. There were, however, a number of Americans who said as much about all the indignation over Adams in a good many more words. A Democrat, Senator Neuberger of Oregon, said, "Surely some great historians of the future will be perplexed by the fact that some persons in Government during our era encountered grave embarrassment over the acceptance of kitchenware and hotel accommodations, while their brethren in high places were acclaimed as heroes for successfully employing campaign exchequers and personal expense funds that dwarfed the other gifts in value." Neuberger blamed Adams for having himself been among the most self-righteous about ethics in Government. "But Sherman Adams's many accusers proceed on the premise that, having accepted a rug and numerous hotel-bill payments, he inevitably was in moral bondage to Mr. Goldfine and had to do Mr. Goldfine's bidding. Do any of these accusers confront the question whether, having accepted campaign funds from, for instance, the automobile industry, they must do that industry's bidding on legislative matters. Or, having accepted campaign funds from labour, must they do labour's bidding when the roll is called in Senate or House?"

In the midst of the House sub-committee's investigation of Goldfine's reprehensible generosity the House itself firmly refused to accept an amendment to a maritime bill which would have prevented the big shipping companies from being fully as generous to Congressmen and their families as Goldfine had been to Adams. A Republican, Senator Williams of Delaware, commented upon this: "I am reminded that there has been a great deal of recent criticism, particularly of one public official, for accepting subsidized hotel facilities to the extent of around \$2,000. What is the difference whether it be subsidized hotel facilities or free transportation? What is the difference between subsidized hotel rooms and a free trip, or subsidized trip, around the world? I say there is no difference. . . . Do not overlook the fact that some of the officials receiving subsidized travelling facilities will be voting upon, or making determinations as to the amount of, subsidies which the same shipping companies are to receive."



MR. SHERMAN ADAMS.

Karsh.

Also in the midst of the Adams inquiry Congress modified to the vanishing point a provision which would have required full reports of expenditures by individual members of Congress travelling abroad drawn from counterpart funds set up as part of the foreign aid programme. All that is needed now is a report of the total spent by each committee and sub-committee from such a source, which spares the individual member any embarrassment. Congressmen get many gifts, free trips, free hotel accommodation, bills picked up by restaurant and night club owners, because "they appreciate the honour of having so distinguished a guest, etc." The gift which is most common (using the word now in its clerical sense) is the gift of a nice "living" on the Government payroll which a Congressman can bestow on a friend or campaign contributor or political supporter. The "spoils system," as this form of patronage is called, has existed since the foundation of the Republic, although it was under the Presidency of Andrew Jackson, founder of the present Democratic Party, that it reached full flower. Jackson defended it a century and a quarter ago as a way of preventing bureaucratic dictatorship. Nixon said the same thing in defending the right of officials and Congressmen to intervene with Government agencies.

Since Jackson's day the area in which the spoils system can be applied has grown progressively less, but it is still considerable. The President is the fount of all appointments, but they come, in effect, from individual members of the House and Senate. The power of the Senator over an appointment is great because the Senate has to confirm it. If any Senator gets up and says that so and so is "personally obnoxious" it is enough to block his chances. Sometimes the need to clear appointments through party channels leads to absurd situations. Early this year the President picked a man to be Assistant

Secretary in a Government Department who came from a State with one Republican and one Democrat Senator. He happened to be the close personal friend of the Democrat and had never met the Republican Senator. This would never do. Fortunately the nominee found that a man he hired to do odd jobs round the garden was an ardent Republican who knew the Republican Senator and arranged an introduction. He also helped to put things right with the ward leader and lesser politicians.

DENYS SMITH.

THE FORKED ISLAND

"No man is an island"

BY DOM MORAES

I

A CHILD, I lived in Bombay. It is the chief city of Western India. It squats on a forked island washed by the Arabian Sea. The sewers of Bombay disgorge into the sea, and the smoke of its factory chimneys rises a long way, so that the passengers on P. & O. liners are aware of their arrival at the city before they have actually seen it. I lived in a flat quite close to the sea—a five-minute walk—but also in the centre of the city. My father was a journalist and my mother was a doctor.

Because my parents were professional people, and also because I hated and was afraid of other children, I lived by myself a great deal until I was about ten. Our flat overlooked a park where I used to spend a great deal of the day, either by myself or with my nanny. I didn't do much, just rooted about under the coconut trees that ringed the park. In the evenings, when other children arrived with their nannies, I used to go home and get the driver to take me somewhere in my father's car: to the beach about fifteen miles away, or to some other quieter park. I never did very much, and the only feelings I can remember from that time are a general sense of nervousness and timidity whenever I saw other children or a great many people together, and a desire to be sheltered, either to be with my parents or alone in a safe place. I loved my parents very much. I needed them very much. The times when I was saddest

were when they were angry with me.

So now it surprises me that although my emotional needs were the strongest things in my life, what I remember most is not them. Because I think I was unaware then how awake my eyes were. When I went to the park, when the driver drove me to the beach, my eyes walked about, my eyes thought and felt. My eyes invented Bombay for me. They saw the city, its factory chimneys with smoke clinging round them like wet cloth, the flooding sewers of the slums and the crooked houses where the poor lived ten to a room. They put the city into my head, the city that exists for me now and is everywhere about me. The stones I see to-day, the tree and the man, those stones are the stones of Bombay whose weight I tested with my eyes, whose grains chinked together when my foot pressed them. The tree that grows in my eye now is the splayed coconut-tree; paintbrush that daubed the sky at evening with shadowy green. The man is the man that my eyes stuck together in India; dummy with no purpose but suffering.

Looking back to my childhood, therefore, what I can mostly remember is the atmosphere of objects. However, I can also remember two actual incidents and the remembering interests me, because I think they show the beginning of a pattern in my life.

The first incident is connected with my nanny. Like my family, she was a convert to Roman Catholicism, and unlike my father, she was devout, she believed. She told me

THE FORKED ISLAND

about Hell. Hell was a place where three goddesses lived, Kali the devourer with her necklace of skulls, dancing violently in the flames; Mariam the mistress of Satan; and a third one, a snake-goddess. All three came out of Hell at night. Slowly they walked through the streets of Bombay, looking at everything, saying nothing. I must never go out at night, my nanny said, looking urgently into my eyes with her dark young eyes. I must stay in bed in my room. She had a lover in the evenings and my father eventually had to pay a hospital bill. Being a Roman Catholic, she wouldn't use contraceptives. However. My nanny liked to take me walking, always in the afternoon, and one afternoon we were walking along a boulevard by the sea. It was quiet and sunny, and far away we could see the harbour where three ships of the Royal Navy had just put in. My nanny was talking to me: an undistracted voice, and close by the sea was mumbling on the rocks. Suddenly there was a low booming explosion: a flash of white light: a pane of glass in a window above us shivered forward into the street. The fragments lay on the pavement around. Another dull explosion, and a great smear of red light crossed the sky, then thick black smoke, and a succession of crimson flashes. My nanny fell to her knees in the street, under the impression that the end of the world was with us. She wept, she prayed and wept. But I stood still and looked at the sky. Suddenly I saw them standing up among the red flashes and the smoke-smears: Kali, Mariam, the snake-goddess, inscrutable and destroying. I was very frightened, I wanted to go home, but my nanny wouldn't budge; she preferred to meet her maker, if she had to, kneeling down. Eventually my father drove up in the car, put us into it, and drove us rapidly home. Every few minutes there was the shudder of an explosion, and red flashes in the sky. My father explained that one of the oil-tankers in the harbour had blown up. He made me feel safe again, but I didn't believe him. For when he had dashed off to the newspaper office, and my mother to the docks to help the injured, I stood on the verandah, listening to the repeated explosions, watching the flashes in the sky. Kali's foot came down in her dance, and there was thunder: Mariam beat the clouds with her hands, and lightning flashed: and from the arms of the third goddess fell snakes of fire, snakes that fell squirming into the street, blackened and became bodies of the injured. When my parents came back, I retailed this to them, and nothing they could say would shake me. What I had seen I had

seen. To-day I do not believe that three goddesses actually did do a waltz over Bombay that afternoon. But I like telling this story to people whom I think I will be impressed. When I do so, I am able to convince myself, by a sort of pictorial process of the imagination, that in fact it was so.

When I went for walks with my mother in the early mornings or in the late evenings, I always saw beggars on the pavements. At the times when my mother was free enough from her work to take me walking they were either just going to sleep or just getting up. A white sheet completely covered each body, and they lay head to foot in a long line like a low uneven hedge, through which continual small movements passed: warm shudders, humpings. I would always ask my mother what these objects were: she would answer, "Nothing." So by some peculiar process of logic I came to believe that they were in fact plants: a kind of white lumpy sack-plant that grew from the stone of pavements with a brief blooming-time, gone when the sun came out. This was when I was five or six. Later, in my adolescence, I felt such powerful sensations of pity and horror when I passed by the lines of sleeping beggars, that it was a kind of dying: a withering of myself. It was impossible for me to pass by without ending literally in tears. But I found that if I imagined that they were plants, I was easily able to convince myself. I could walk past indifferently, like someone in a rose-garden, even brushing the heavy-headed flowers with my leg as I went by. They never stirred.

Would they stop? Would they ask me questions, the beggars? I often wonder now, If I were to go back, I would do the same thing again. But wouldn't they stir, shake off their shrouds and get up? Wouldn't they say, "We aren't ghosts, we aren't the dream in your head, nor the hyacinths you have seen in English gardens, since you left us last, we are not cornflower nor crocus. Recognize us?" And my guilt would be less if they did.

I think that now. I think my childhood throws a bridge across to my growing up. Adolescence was an interval between these two confrontations for me. My childhood ended when I went with my father on a tour of Australia and New Zealand, and later of South-East Asia. During that period of eight months or so, I went with him to the battle-front in Indo-China. Soldiers were being carried back in trucks and on stretchers along a narrow road beyond Kaiphong. They looked dirty: the brown blood had a peculiar grimy look on their green battle-



Camera Press.

OLD MAN IN A BOMBAY STREET.

dressess. And my eyes, though they travelled, did not only take the photographs they had taken when I was a child—photographs which I had not valued and had put aside and now remember. My eyes looked, and my head said: "How frightened you feel by the look of all this don't you, silly boy? And you don't like the smell, do you?" And I took the first step towards ever writing a poem, I stopped being a child, I became adolescent. That particular scene is no longer sharp for me, or precise, but I remember it because I became aware then that I had outgrown my childhood.

It had a peculiar effect on me. First of all, of course, I had a strong reaction against my father. I still loved him, more than anyone else, but I wanted to disagree with everything about him. For instance, he drank a good deal. I would have long talks with him in which I would tell him, gravely, how despicable I thought drunkards were. I began to hold my mother's illness against him. I told him how boring his friends were, how shallow their standards. At the same time, I was more

jealous of him than I had ever been before, could not bear him, for instance, to talk to women, and was grateful whenever he was with me alone, even though I spent most of that time criticizing him. Yet in a way it was an undivided honesty with which I did these things. It was something I had never had before, and have since lost. I did them with no conscious motives, simply through a succession of violent and purely emotional compulsions. I believed in my own disgust, resentment, anger, etc., in an exceedingly uncomplicated way.

I had no friends of my own age. My friends were therefore made among my father's friends. Since I tried my best to cut myself off from my father's ideas, and most of his friends shared his ideas, I had nobody to get any new ideas from. My father being anti-communist, therefore, I became violently communist, and said the most revolutionary things I could think of. Also I wrote poems every day modelled on the Marxist poems of Spender and Day Lewis.

This lasted from the time when I was four-

THE FORKED ISLAND

teen till I was about sixteen. I began to find out hereabouts what I wanted to write about. Some of the poems I wrote at this time are included in my first book. They are mostly about the dry, friable earth of an unpopulated place: a deserted Buddhist monastery, a landscape where a piper sat asking children to pretend they were dead. I began to discover things I had seen. I did not at that time remember when I had seen them.

Also at this time I had my first sexual experience, with a woman friend of my father's. It must have been a ridiculous scene, I think: myself puffing with disbelief, wondering if more was expected of me, trying to feel like a man, trouserless on the sofa on which her naked and surprising body lay. In the end it did make me feel vaguely manly: also I had a feeling that the experience was well-timed; it came just before I was due to leave for England.

But when the P. & O. liner did move out across Bombay harbour, and I saw the flag-staffs at the quayside recede and the long ridge of buildings and the blurred-by-early-morning-mist towers fade under the horizon, my eyes became awake again, as they had been when I was a child, they saw the exact quality of departure and fixed it upon my mind, they saw the stumbling and loving past, the unlearned lessons, and being eyes and awake, they wept.

II

I landed in England on September 2, 1955. It was very fine weather, I remember. I was met at King's Cross by the correspondent of my father's newspaper who told me that I was to live in a small flat in Knightsbridge and study Latin with a crammer in Holland Park with a view to passing the entrance examination into Oxford University.

My days became very desultory outside the four or five boring hours spent with my Latin. I used to walk great distances without any real aim, walk back again, go into pubs and have a drink, feeling grown-up, then dine inexpensively before letting myself into my little flat again. I knew nobody in London apart from my father's correspondent, who was often busy, and Stephen Spender, who was away in America. I did not write very much and became acutely nervous, so much so that the look of the Round Pond or the Oratory, reminding me of things I had seen with my father or with a friend, could reduce me to public tears. It was the most unnerving six months I have spent.

During those six months I noticed certain



Central Press.

DOM MORAES BEING CONGRATULATED BY THE INDIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER, MRS. PANDIT, AFTER RECEIVING THE HAWTHORNDEN PRIZE.

things in myself. My adolescence had given me no ideas, in the sense that I had never listened to my father's, and had no real ones of my own, politically or socially speaking. All that my reading had given me was images. Even when I read philosophy I found that images of the writer rose to my mind or an image of great stone gods with faces of crumpled linen, his theories sitting in a row. Therefore, as I began to know people with whom I was able to talk, I found couldn't discuss ideas at all.

Furthermore, since the reality around me repelled me more and more, I resorted to fantasy whenever I had to describe it, as in letters to my parents or friends. Out of this came a total inability to distinguish between the actual world and the world of my fantasy. There were times when I was not quite sure which I was in. This disseminated so that I became incapable of having reactions to things in the real world. Moreover, being unsure of my fantasy world, I could react to nothing in that either. For some months I became all copper and gristle, incapable of writing. I developed two habits very assiduously and gently, just to keep myself occupied. I began to drink very heavily, alone, trying out different sorts of liquor on myself to test their effect. There were terrible incidents of passing out on the Underground, being carried in the

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

dark for miles past one's destination, collapsing at last onto cold benches of heartless suburban stations: long colloquies with myself, hours spent listening to my own voice talking; invention of Rimbaud as drinking-companion, colloquies with Rimbaud in the Bunch of Grapes or the Old Swan. In the end I even drank in the mornings, first thing after getting up, from a bottle of red wine. In a peculiar way this gave me back the power of poetry. It restored one aspect of reality to me: the sense of my own indignity. I used this in many poems. At last I began to be aware of something as I had always been aware of things before I came to England. I began to realize that in order to write the kind of poetry I most longed to write I would have to recover something else: the sense of my own dignity.

The second habit I fell into was one of fantasy. Whereas before I could believe that beggars were plants if I imagined it to myself strongly enough, now feeling that it would be picturesque to believe that the Underground was the inside of a giant cowhorn, I said that I believed it was. From this I came into the habit of making fantasy out of ordinary gossip. This was also one way of avoiding the need to discuss ideas. If one could only say something beautiful, complicated and untrue, it would distract the others from their ideas and make them listen.

In spite of gardening away at these two habits, I passed my entrance examinations and was admitted into Jesus College, Oxford. Term didn't begin till October 1956, so in the New Year I left for the Continent. I spent six months travelling through France, Italy, Greece and Yugoslavia. I was entirely alone. Most of the time I was very happy. I wrote almost all day long; on iron tables of cafes, in hotel bedrooms, everywhere. I met very few people who spoke English and my French and Italian weren't good enough for me to fantasy much. I drank less, and also it was mostly wine, and I never got drunk. When I came back to England, I was feeling very calm, very settled, yet at the same time I felt that I must make myself a receptacle for new experience. Through Stephen Spender I met some of the younger English poets, and with them I found my way to the three parallel streets of Soho, criss-crossed with roadways where club-signs hung. At night all Soho came alive, like a warm grubby animal, holding one close, lulling one with pub warmth and club music, wedging one into the conversational beehive, pushing away reality. This was exactly what I had been trying to

avoid, the escape mechanisms of neurosis, yet I plunged myself happily into Soho, and again stopped writing. Then in October I went up to Oxford.

At the time of writing I am in my second year here. It is summer, a sunny day, and the street is quiet. All day the large and gentle chairs have stayed in their places, nothing has moved, or changed. I am alone with the person I was and with myself. They recognize each other and frown hard, looking for differences. I can tell some of the differences. But the problems of one remain the problems of the other.

DOM MORAES.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, National and English Review

SIR,

The late Christopher Gell spent himself in his gallant efforts to promote social justice for all the people in South Africa.

In common with very many people, we admired him deeply. In a desire to honour his memory and to keep his ideals alive, we have taken the initiative in setting up a Christopher Gell Memorial Trust Fund.

The Fund will set up scholarships to enable promising young persons of any race or creed to advance their education. But it may try to do more than this for the enlightened cause for which Mr. Gell worked so hard and earned the admiration of so many people in many lands. The ultimate scope of the Fund's work will be decided in the light of the response to this appeal.

We now invite all who shared our regard for Christopher Gell to send contributions—of any size—to the Secretary, Christopher Gell Memorial Fund, P.O. Box 767, Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

AMBROSE REEVES, Bishop of Johannesburg.

JULIUS LEWIN.

Z. K. MATTHEWS.

M. A. WARLEY.

ALAN PATON.

B. B. RAMJEE.

A. W. BLAXALL.

P.O. Box 767,
Port Elizabeth.

Books: General

DEVELOPMENT DOWN UNDER

By BRIGADIER J. ENOCH POWELL, M.P.

TWO years in an Australian university chair before the war confer no right upon a man to speak *ex cathedra* about Australia—not though the two years were spent in open-minded inquisitiveness about the continent and its people, and remain an experience which has for ever made the fortunate possessor more pro-Australian than the Australians.

The most that such a person might venture to do without presumption is to set down impressions of twenty years ago which two recent books on Australia* have recalled and note how many of the characteristics and characteristic problems seem to have survived both the war and the peace.

They were days already antediluvian—literally “before the deluge”—when the scheduled flight of Imperial and Qantas Airways from London to Sydney took fourteen days. But for the newcomer there was some advantage in this rather arduous introduction. The entry at Port Darwin and the two days’ flight over Northern Territory and Queensland, coming hard on the bewildering sequence of Asiatic days and nights, impressed upon him from the outset lessons which the seaborne immigrant learns more slowly.

“White Australia” meant things at once. Across the Timor Sea from the Dutch East Indies and all those other lands where the European was Curzon’s “speck of white foam upon a dark and thunderous ocean,” here at Darwin, in as fierce a climate, on a harsher soil, were a handful of Britons behaving just as though they were (in Australian as well as English parlance) “at home.” In temperatures and humidity in which the European in Asia shrank from the very thought of physical labour and relaxed under a *punkah*, while the bearer rolled his socks on for him—here was an Australian population doing all the tasks of the community with no more fuss than if it had been London or Melbourne.

The impression deepened as the traveller made the acquaintance of the townships of Northern Territory and Queensland, industrial, pastoral or commercial—the Mount Isas, the

Cloncurrys, the Townsvilles. By the physical sensations one might be in Karachi or Bangkok; by the appearance of the towns one might be on the set of an American “Western”†; yet in these places was an unmistakably British provincial population living unself-consciously a typical British provincial life.

The latest current estimate of the ultimate population of Australia seems to be that it may be about 40 millions and that of this figure about half would be in Queensland, the North of which has some of the best records in Australia for health and procreation. The utmost that the Australian continent has to yield by way of a good livelihood a “white Australia” is therefore perfectly capable of reaping. This is the answer to any charge of dog-in-the-manger against the policy which Australian governments have pursued for fifty years, of using administrative methods to prevent immigration from Asia. Finding herself providentially lacking the elements of racial division, yet able to achieve her natural development without creating them, Australia would be worse than foolish if she did not jealously preserve the advantage of an all-white population. There will be problems enough in the assimilation of the “new Australians” from Europe who have been increasing the population of Australia by immigration at an average rate of 1 per cent. a year since the war.

The immigrant via the north meets at the outset the Australian of the “outback” or the “back blocks.” Though a tiny minority of the population, it is this Australian who has supplied the world with the stock type of his countrymen: he is, in fact, the “dinkum

* Colin Clark, *Australian Hopes and Fears*. Hollis & Carter. 30s.

Arthur Scholes, *The Sixth Continent: The Discovery and Exploration of Australia*. Allen & Unwin. 21s.

† An American newspaperman landing at Cloncurry in the war is said to have been unable to understand why some film company had not bought up the whole place and used it as a permanent setting for staging “horse opera.”



TYPICAL VIEW ON AN AUSTRALIAN SHEEP-STATION.

Camera Press.

Aussie," and his courage, self-reliance, independence and generosity earn him the position of respect in which Australia holds the "stations" and those who work on them and serve them.

But here we strike upon a part of the great Australian paradox: the Australian of the outback is such a tiny minority because his country is the most urbanized, or, to be more accurate, the most metropolitanized, in the world. In four of the six States well over half the population is in the capital city—Sydney leading with a population of nearly two million out of the nine million Australians—and in all there is a dearth of towns of the second or third magnitude.

This fact, that the people of the land of cattle, sheep and great spaces are to an extreme degree suburb-dwellers, is a commonplace of lamentation among Australians. Much less well known is another aspect of the paradox: the proportion of the Australian labour force engaged in agriculture and rural employment is smaller, at 13½ per cent., than in any country in the world except Belgium, the United

Kingdom and the United States. Conversely, the proportion employed in manufacture is extremely high—substantially higher than in the United States.

One more symbolical impression from the moment of entry via the north is worth recalling. The attention of the traveller landing at Darwin is, or used to be, attracted by the gaunt ruins of a Vestey meat factory towering over the town: a symbol both of the successive waves of prosperity which have been brought to Australia by its agricultural products—wool, canned and refrigerated meat, and to a less extent wheat and sugar—and of the sharp fluctuations which the world price level of these products has imposed on her economy. In 1950-1 Australia's exports of wool purchased for her no less than five times as much imports as they would have done only six years earlier.

These characteristic features of the Australian scene are in part natural and inevitable; in part they have been created or accentuated by the policies of her governments—the plural is doubly meaningful, for there are seven

DEVELOPMENT DOWN UNDER



VIEW OF THE SYDNEY WATERSIDE.

Camera Press.

governments in Australia at any one time.

It is in the nature of things that a country first settled in the age of steam and motor transport will have its population less evenly distributed and in larger concentrations than countries whose urban pattern was determined by horse or water transport. A similar distribution of population is found in other areas of the world which have been settled in the last century or so.

It is also in the nature of things that prosperity based on agriculture implies a large majority of the labour force engaged in non-agricultural production—manufacture and services—and that heavy dependence upon a single product exposes such an economy to severe fluctuation.

On the other hand, the policy of Australian governments for the last fifty years has fostered the centralization of population and is responsible for so exceptionally high a proportion of it being engaged in manufacture; for Australian policy has been highly protectionist, and the effect of tariffs has been reinforced by import restrictions imposed over a series of years

in order to preserve the balance of payments. One of the deliberate intentions of this policy has been to foster the growth of manufacturing industry in Australia.

At the present time Australia is still a large net exporter of primary products and net importer of manufactures. It would pay her to alter this situation in the direction of becoming a net exporter of manufactures and *vice versa* if, but only if, the productivity of her labour in manufacture were greater than in primary production. As long as she remains substantially dependent upon net exports of primary products, the only way in which she can limit the effect upon her of fluctuations in world markets and prices is diversification of her primary production.

The central thesis of Mr. Colin Clark's book is that "it would be wiser for Australia to have more of her labour occupied in agriculture and less in manufacture"; that "an increased production and export of agricultural products is an urgent economic necessity—without it Australia will be unable to make imports balance with exports." At the same time he

wishes to see less emphasis on wool or sugar and more on meat, wheat, dairy products, eggs and fruit.

The case is impressive. The product per man-year of labour in Australian agriculture is substantially higher than in Australian manufacture. The Australian worker's productivity in manufacturing industry has been rising at less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum compared with 3 per cent. in the United States and is now, for instance, only two-thirds that of the Swede, half that of the Canadian and less than half that of the American.

In fact, the natural disadvantages of Australia for the large-scale production of transportable manufactured goods are formidable: she lacks the large concentrations of population and good communications which characterize the world's great manufacturing areas in Europe and America. Her main centres are separated by "seas of solid land," and the natural barriers between them have been strengthened by human perversity. Thanks to the Navigation Act, which gave certain Australian companies a monopoly of the carrying trade between Australian ports, it is now cheaper to send goods from Australia to Europe than to another Australian port. On land there are the notorious—and now apparently irremediable—variations of railway gauge: three changes between Perth and Sydney, two between Melbourne and Queensland.

On the other side, the productivity of labour in Australian agriculture is the second highest in the world, surpassed only by New Zealand; and while the rate of increase has fallen off since 1930 in comparison with some other agricultural countries, it can plausibly be argued that this is due to the diversion of effort and capital to manufacture, and that agriculture in Australia could, and should, still be an "increasing return" venture.

Contrary to a widely held notion, the geographical characteristics of the continent are not favourable to any appreciable further extension of irrigation: dramatic proposals, of which there has been no lack, have invariably proved on examination to be hopelessly uneconomic. The prospects of agricultural expansion lie rather in the transfer of land from less to more productive uses, and in more intensive farming.

One need not accept uncritically or without reserve the thesis which Mr. Clark argues in order to agree that the needs of Australia's future development impose specially severe demands upon her politicians. The forces of

amour-propre, in which the Australians are by no means deficient, and of self-interest, which provides the motive power to work the party system in any democratic society, are more than usually involved in the economic decisions of the State and Commonwealth governments. The monopoly of shipping, the subsidized basis of the sugar industry, the wage system of arbitrated awards with its automatic adjustment to prices, the sheltered freight rates on State-owned railways—all these things and more are so many built-in political obstacles to the free development of the Australian economy.

J. ENOCH POWELL.

DOLLARS IN OUR MIDST

AMERICAN INVESTMENT IN BRITISH MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY. By John Dunning. *Allen and Unwin*. 35s.

EVERY country to-day is dedicated to expanding its economy and raising its standard of living. The rapid growth of new scientific knowledge married to political emancipation makes this dedication inevitable. No democratic government which set its face against these objectives would long remain in power. But, as we know from our own experience in Britain, more is needed to maintain a satisfactory rate of economic expansion than the simple desire to have a higher standard of living. Among many conditions necessary for economic expansion is a high level of investment. The level of investment in any country is determined by two factors—the level and volume of domestic savings and the balance of capital imports over capital exports. Every country in the free world, with the possible exceptions of the U.S.A. and Federal Republic of Germany, allege that their level of savings is too low to meet their investment needs and look to the remainder of the world for assistance. In practice this means the U.S.A., although the British contribution to the rest of the Sterling Area, too often overlooked, is by no means negligible—nearly £280 million in 1957.

Nevertheless, we ourselves are no exception to the rule. We have needed, and still need, more capital for all forms of investment than we can provide from our own resources when due account is taken of our Commonwealth obligations. Therefore we should welcome any investment in British industry from foreign sources provided, of course, that it is on honourable terms. In recent years

DOLLARS IN OUR MIDST

American investment over the whole range of the British economy has increased from \$474 million in 1936 to \$1,420 million in 1955. It includes such exciting ventures as the £65 million Esso refinery at Fawley and £100 million expansion programmes of the Ford and Vauxhall motor companies. At present there are more than 300 branch subsidiaries of American corporations and jointly financed Anglo-American concerns in British manufacturing industry alone, giving employment to some 350,000 people. In 1956 the gross sales turnover of such firms was over £850 million and their export contribution accounted for one-tenth of all British manufacturing exports, which thereby represented a substantial contribution to our balance of payments.

Until the publication of this study by Dr. Dunning, an economist at Southampton University, there had been no authoritative study of the growth of American investment in British industry. As the result of a three-year research financed by a grant from the Board of Trade under the Conditional Aid Scheme, Dr. Dunning is now able to fill this important gap in our knowledge of British industry. Dr. Dunning's work is more than a quantitative analysis of the growth of American investment. It is also a qualitative study of the nature of American managerial methods and their influence upon British management.

Dr. Dunning has come to the conclusion that "the impact made by U.S. financed firms on the market structure in which they compete and on their rivals' efficiency has been positive and in some cases marked." From my own personal experience I would quote the oil and motor car industries as two industries where American influence has been particularly beneficial to higher productivity. Dr. Dunning points out that "the trans-Atlantic associations enjoyed by such firms have brought very considerable advantages in the form of technical and managerial knowledge." As an example he quotes the fact that "the parent companies of the 100 most important U.S.-financed firms manufacturing in this country devote more of their resources to research and development than the whole of British industry combined." As these 100 parent companies concerned include most of the American giant corporations, this fact is not as alarming as it appears at first sight, but it underlines one of the major benefits to the British economy of encouraging American subsidiaries to settle here.

Dr. Dunning's most important contribu-

tion is Chapter X, where he assesses "the overall effects and future prospects of U.S. direct investment in the United Kingdom." He weighs the advantages to be gained by Britain from investment against the disadvantages (the long-term outflow of dollars and the domination of British industry) and judges in favour of more investment. He then moves his analysis across the Atlantic and examines the relative advantages and disadvantages from the American side. Again Dr. Dunning decides in favour.

Dr. Dunning's final judgment is one which I have always held, but which this balanced study has confirmed, namely, "given that the partnership is on an equal footing and the U.K. is not simply a buyer of American knowledge, there is no reason why, given peace, this country should not look forward with confidence to a period of continued industrial growth and prosperity, possessed only of a healthy fear of foreign competition in her fight for world manufacturing markets."

DAVID PRICE.

TRADE UNIONS AND THE LAW

A GIANT'S STRENGTH. *Christopher Johnson*
Publishers. 4s.

THIS 86-page pamphlet is a study by the Inns of Court Conservative and Unionist Society of how trade unions exercise their power in regard both to the community and to individuals. Its unnamed authors include three M.Ps. Their writing is dispassionate, but they come to the broad conclusion that the unions are too powerful, that they exercise their strength too ruthlessly, and that they enjoy too many privileges under the law.

The pamphlet therefore suggests drastic legislation to make unofficial and "political" strikes illegal; to impose a public inquiry before an official strike can be called, so as to bring public opinion to bear; and to refer restrictive practices by workmen to a court.

The main instrument for bringing about such changes would be to make it compulsory for all unions to be registered by the Registrar of Friendly Societies before they could enjoy the protection of trade union law. Registration would be refused unless the union's rules excluded artificial restrictions on membership—the closed shop—and also unless they provided a fair method of settling disputes between members and the union, and accepted arbitration, or the ruling of the T.U.C., in disputes with other unions.

These proposals seem to me to go far beyond

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

what is either desirable or practicable. They would be fought tooth and nail by the unions and, even if implemented by a Tory Government—a most unlikely contingency—would promptly be repealed by the next Labour Government. It would be found almost impossible in practice to define a restrictive practice, or a “political” strike. (Any Government already has the means to deal with an industrial threat to the nation. The Labour Government, for example, sent troops into the docks.)

The authors are right when they argue that the development of the trade union movement has not kept pace with its growing strength and responsibilities. It is doubtful, however, if this can be put right by legislation. The one field in which legislation might be effective is in the protection of individual members against harsh treatment by the union. Some impartial appeals court is needed. But it is in the nature of trade unions to adapt themselves slowly, and the best hope of progress lies in the pressure of public opinion, and an improvement in the calibre of union officials. The most encouraging step just now would be if unions raised their dues to enable decent salaries to be paid right down the line. It is also certain that we shall not get better unions until we get more efficient, courageous and modern-minded managements.

SYDNEY JACOBSON.

TO AN UNKNOWN GIRL AT A MAY-WEEK CONCERT

*Standing behind your chair,
I casually observe
The firm yet fragile curve
Of your delicate cheek-bone,
The web of flaxen hair
Spun high upon your head,
A black comb clasping the mesh,
And the glint of pendent stone
Whose adamant face will shed
Lustre when your round flesh
Has thinned down to the spare
Grace of the skeleton.
And maybe that is why
I find it hard to bear
These melting madrigals
Whose intricacy falls
Like dew down the summer sky
Or brightness from the air.*

JOHN PRESS.

FAMILY FORTUNES

- THE LATER CHURCHILLS. By A. L. Rowse. *Macmillan*. 35s.
LANDOR. A REPLEVIN. By Malcolm Elwin. *Macdonald*. 45s.
PEACE IN PICCADILLY. By Sheila Birkenhead. *Hamish Hamilton*. 25s.
PARISIAN SKETCHES. By Henry James. *Hart-Davis*. 25s.
THE SPRINGS OF ADVENTURE. By Wilfrid Noyce. *Murray*. 18s.
BULL AND BRASS. By John Foley. *Cassell*. 12s. 6d.
THE OLD MAN AND THE BOY. By Robert Ruark. *Hamish Hamilton*. 25s.
RICHARD HAKLUYT, VOYAGES AND DOCUMENTS. Selected by Janet Hampden. *World's Classics*. O.U.P. 8s. 6d.
SHAKESPEARE FROM “RICHARD II” TO “HENRY V.” By Derek Traversi. *Hollis & Carter*. 30s.
THE TRIUMPH OF THE MUSE. By John Heath-Stubbs. O.U.P. 12s. 6d.

“I HAVE had occasion to notice,” Dr. Rowse writes in the preface to *The Later Churchills*, “how closely and significantly the fortunes of this family reflect the tone and temper of English society contemporaneously, the rhythms of our history.” He adds, significantly, that this can be seen not least in its latest manifestation—the growing together of American and English fortunes under the stress and in the dangers of the 20th century.

Inevitably, the last section, about two-fifths of the book, is an attempt to set Sir Winston's career in historical perspective. I should think that it is rather early to attempt anything of the kind but Dr. Rowse has drawn freely upon his subject's own writings, given a rapid survey of his almost endless activities and interests, and reached the conclusion that Sir Winston is “no less artist than politician, a Spencer than a Churchill.” His extraordinary, active career was almost at an end when he entertained the Queen to dinner at 10 Downing Street on the eve of his retirement from the post of Prime Minister :

In proposing the Queen's health he was able to say that he had enjoyed drinking that toast as a cavalry subaltern “in the reign of your Majesty's great-great-grandmother.” What a world away that was, the world of Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph, the hot afternoons at Bangalore at which he had read Gibbon and Macaulay, the first experience of war on the North-West frontier and of writing it up in *The Story of the Malakand Field Force*, the Empire and

FAMILY FORTUNES

the Raj apparently secure as ever. It was an immense span of experience for one life to hold. Queen Victoria's great-great-grandfather was George II, and his was James I: we are back in the age of the first Elizabeth, from which it all sprang.

The book opens with the unending efforts made by the widowed Duchess Sarah on behalf of her children and grandchildren, and comes down by way of the silent duke who shared an interest in astronomy with George III and the pious Victorian duke to the "latest phase" when an American strain was added to the blood of the Spencer Churchills. Working in the archives at Blenheim the author has been especially happy in the charming sketches he has been able to draw of the relationships between the family and their dependants, of whom the most distinguished was the tutor, John Moore, who became Archbishop of Canterbury.

The social history, which is the most fascinating of all to the general reader, is the most fascinating aspect of *The Later Churchills*, and it is curious that to-day when all forms of biographies, autobiographies and "personal stories" are so popular that more of the great families have not entrusted their archives to the care of writer-historians of the calibre of Dr. Rowse. In the two volumes of his diptych he has made most excellent use of a great opportunity. This second instalment is even more beguiling than its predecessor, *The Early Churchills*.

Mr. Malcolm Elwin's revised and greatly extended version of his *Landor* is an enormous, unselective, useful book. Its length is largely due to the fact that, as the author explains, Landor's work is little read and appreciated to-day. He wrote much in prose and verse and so Mr. Elwin has deliberately taken the course of quoting from his subject's writings at considerable length. There is no reason to quarrel with him for doing so but I think he might have cut down with advantage some of the detailed and prolonged accounts of the quarrels and bickerings which were such a distressing feature of Landor's life.

It had been a disappointment to him in many respects. His ambition to be a great poet, his marriage with Dorothy Lyttelton, his later love for a married woman, his luckless marriage, his devotion for his children which met with such a disappointing response, were only some of the unpleasant things that happened to him. As Mr. Elwin notes, the supreme irony was that although Landor was one of the clearest thinkers of his day, he was regarded as an eccentric, and commemorated

as the loud-voiced Boythorn by Charles Dickens.

Mr. Elwin is right to point out that the Landor of John Forster's biography is in fact Boythorn, a kindly caricature of the original. Landor, who could write prose so sublime and restrained that it has rightly been called marmoreal, had to find outlets for his affection and abounding energy. He set about his quest in a most unfortunate manner because he, who could be so admirably selective in his own writings and choice of subjects and material, plunged about in life as though he were playing a game of blind-man's-buff. He got involved with the people who were least likely to understand or appreciate him. As a young man he was capable of showing off to such an extent that when he was an undergraduate he fired a shotgun at the shuttered windows of a contemporary's rooms, fortunately without hurting anyone.

The famous anecdote of the cook who was thrown by the indignant Landor out of a window, only to fall into a bed of violets, may be apocryphal. Mr. Landor seems to think there was something in it. It was, at any rate, true to type. One has only to look at John Gibson's fine bust with its noble forehead and then inspect the set, querulous mouth to realize that Landor was indeed a contradictory character, and this book explains this well enough, if too fully. Some day Mr. Elwin will do well to fashion a more selective life from the present tome, lopping off some hundreds of pages. It would give a sharper, fairer impression of one of the most curious personalities in the gallery of English writers, some of whom appear in Lady Birkenhead's pleasant *Peace in Piccadilly*, the story of Albany.

To enter this haven 200 yards from Piccadilly Circus for the first time is to receive one of the most agreeable architectural and atmospheric surprises that can be experienced anywhere. To pass through the hall of the Mansion and step down into the covered, flowered-bordered Rope Walk is London's equivalent for walking from the High at Oxford into one of the colleges, but there are no rowdy undergraduates in Albany, neither are the inmates allowed to produce families in this favoured place.

Lady Birkenhead has obviously enjoyed the privilege of writing about some of the famous people whose residence in Albany is commemorated by plaques on the walls outside the sets they used to inhabit. The danger is that several of these eminent personalities prove so fascinating that in following them Lady Birkenhead finds herself on more than one

occasion very far from her subject, as when she becomes engrossed by Jane Austen's favourite brother, the fascinating and erratic Henry.

The Mansion was built by Lady Melbourne in the late 18th century, and for twenty years it was the scene of many brilliant parties, with Fox and Sheridan among the guests. In 1803, after a short time as the home of the Duke of York, it was converted into residential chambers for gentlemen, and the most remarkable among the earliest occupants was "Monk" Lewis, an odd, talented creature, who could knock off a new last act to a play, which had been badly received, in a single night thereby converting it into a solid success. Less admirable was his habit of bursting into tears on the most unpredictable occasions. Even a spray of blossom falling from a tree caused a deluge. Macaulay loved Albany because it gave him the illusion that he was living a college life in the heart of London. Lady Birkenhead's portrait of the great historian is most sympathetic. I doubt if anyone has made him appear so agreeable before. Byron, with his fur-lined pelisse and Turkish shawl fencing furiously to get a "good sweat," inevitably appears, and so does Gladstone, as a young M.P., characteristically inviting the elderly Wordsworth to join him at prayers with his servant, which he did. The Bodley Head is naturally in and so are Edward Knoblock, and Arnold Bennett, who wrote *The Pretty Lady* in G2.

On the whole I was surprised to find that the author had not managed to rake in more celebrities than she has assembled here. Present company is, naturally omitted, with one exception. Mr. William Stone came to live in Albany in 1893. He is still there in his hundred and second year, just eighty years after he took a First in the Natural History Tripos at Cambridge. It has been his hobby to keep Albany as he first recollected it and its present impeccable condition is largely due to him.

If a revised edition of *Peace in Piccadilly* should appear, it would be pleasant to know more about the staff and also to extend the range of the information about the occupants. Surely Monty Corry deserved a few words?

In continuing his praiseworthy work of issuing all that is printable of Henry James's work, Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis's latest addition is the *Parisian Sketches*. These were letters contributed by James to the *New York Tribune* in 1875 and 1876. They have been edited with the usual critical apparatus by Dr. Ilse Lund and Dr. Leon Edel. The editors feel that these journalistic pieces are important

not for the ephemeral things they chronicle but because they mirror the feelings and impressions of a cultured American in Paris in the 19th century and also because they certainly had their effect upon the writer's later career. They speak for "good manners, refined taste, high civilization," and even in their day they must have been considered rather highbrow by many of the *Tribune's* readers.

I have always thought James excelled at writing descriptions of people and places. *A Little Tour in France and English Hours*, with their delightful illustrations by Joseph Pennell, should be available in reasonably-priced editions to-day. It is years since I have seen a copy of James's lengthy *American Scene. Parisian Sketches* were not written with all the care and colour and polish these other books have but they are well worth bringing out in book form and I read them with great pleasure.

In *The Springs of Adventure*, Mr. Wilfrid Noyce, a member of the 1953 Everest expedition now a master at Charterhouse, sets out to answer questions about why people spend months of deliberate, physical hardship which are cheerfully written off as "adventure." His book takes the form of a kind of anthology of explorers and travellers in various media. It has a good, full bibliography and is so generously conceived and carried out that I cannot imagine a better book to put into the hands of anyone at all who is interested in adventure, whether young or old. It will be a challenge to its junior readers and it will send their elders off to the nearest library in search for the numerous books listed in the bibliography.

Major John Foley, who spent five years in the War Office's Directorate of Public Relations, seems to have written *Bull and Brass* with the pleasant idea of cheering us all up. It will certainly delight anyone who has served in the army, or come into touch with the service or bureaucratic mind. The author is cheerfully free from anything of the kind himself. Of the many good stories he tells I like best the "Strange Case of the Field Marshal and the Window Cleaner." When Sir William Slim was C.I.G.S. he watched with increasing annoyance the man who was cleaning the windows of his War Office room. At last he could stand it no longer and told the cleaner exactly what he thought of him and his methods. At the end, the man spoke up with great indignation. "'Ere," he said, "'Arf a minute, mate. I don't flippin' well tell you 'ow to run yer perishin' Army—don't you to try to tell me 'ow to clean winders, see!'"

FAMILY FORTUNES

It pleased the Field Marshal so much that "for weeks afterwards he was telling this story with great gusto on every conceivable occasion."

If the authors of *Huckleberry Finn* and *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* had collaborated, the result might have been a book rather like *The Old Man and the Boy*, which is the title of the latest work by the able American novelist, Robert Ruark, whose last novel, *Something of Value* was a brilliant study of Mau Mau. *The Old Man and the Boy* is a kindly, talkative study of the author's relationship with his remarkable grandfather. This philosophical and very wise old gentleman seems to have taken his grandfatherly responsibilities very seriously. He instructs the boy in hunting, fishing and camping out.

Some readers will find his loquacity tiresome and old-fashioned, but I found it worth while to persevere with him because the author's sincerity and appreciation can be seen in every line he has written and there is an odd kind of poetry to be found in his idiom, as in the first paragraph:

The Old Man knows pretty near close to everything. And mostly he ain't painful with it. What I mean is that he went to Africa once when he was a kid, and he shot a tiger or two out in India, or so he says, and he was in a whole mess of wars here and yonder. But he can still tell you why the quail sleep at night in a tight circle or why the turkeys always fly uphill.

Richard Hakluyt is known well enough for his *Voyages*, of which a selection has just been made for the World's Classics by Miss Janet Hampden. The first edition appeared exactly 360 years ago. He was a clergyman and eventually became a Canon of Westminster. Although a great many of the *Voyages* consisted of works which had already been published, some of them recently, he seems to have made a considerable reputation for himself because the newly-formed East India Company made him a consultant on Eastern problems and a copy of his book was supplied among the ship's stores for all the Company's expeditions.

Professor E. G. R. Taylor, commenting on the first edition of Hakluyt's book, remarks that the average Elizabethan merchant, factor, purser or pilot could express himself fluently, even dramatically, and in assembling the records of their voyages and adventures Hakluyt made few changes except in the spelling of words.

The most triumphant passage in the book describes the Solemn Thanksgiving decreed by the Queen after the defeat of the Armada,

which is not as well known as it ought to be:

Likewise, the Queenes Majestie herselfe, imitating the ancient Romans, rode into London in triumph, in regard of her owne and her subjects glorious deliverance. For being attended upon very solemnly by all the principall estates and officers of her Realme, she was carried thorow her sayd City of London in a tryumphant chariot, and in robes of triumph, from her Palace unto the Cathedrall Church of Saint Paul, out of the which the ensignes and colours of the vanquished Spaniards hung displayed. And all the Citizens of London in their Liveries stood on either side the street, by their severall Companies, with their ensignes and banners: and the streets were hanged on both sides with Blew cloth, which, together with the foresayd banners, yeelded a very stately and gallant prospect.

And after a public sermon of thanksgiving preached before the Queen at Paul's Cross, Elizabeth herself, "with her owne princely voice most Christianly exhorted the people to do the same." In return her subjects wished her a most long and happy life, "to the confusion of her foes."

Miss Hampden has made a representative choice from the twelve volumes that contain the standard edition of Hakluyt. The most famous exploits of the Tudor seamen are all here, and others less well known, such as Sir Hugh Willoughby's expedition to Russia, Anthony Jenkinson's overland journey to Persia and the raids on Spanish America. There is also a useful glossary.

Mr. Derek Traversi continues his Shakespearean inquiries in *Shakespeare from "Richard II" to "Henry V."* It is an exposition of the four historical plays of the dramatist's maturity, giving a close analysis of the dramatic elements that give the series its underlying unity of conception. One wonders what Shakespeare himself would have made of this very solemn, intellectual survey. No one will deny that he gave his genius fully in these superb plays or that his prime purpose in writing them was to entertain. Mr. Traversi's book with its emphasis on political implications will no doubt interest the academic reader and the scholar. It is in the new tradition of very serious, scientific criticism which like so many other contemporary manifestations in the arts, may perhaps overload a subject by attaching too much importance to some particular aspect of it. There is much to interest in Mr. Traversi's interpretation but I found it heavy going. What a relief it is to turn from books of this kind to the critics of the Romantic Revival and to more recent

interpreters who regarded the first duty of the critic as appreciation in its widest possible sense.

In Mr. Heath-Stubb's latest book of poems, *The Triumph of the Muse*, the classical influence is strong. The title poem is notable for its wit and neat versification. The poet is a traditionalist who seems to be at his happiest in the three stanzas of his "Song."

ERIC GILLET.

Novels

TWO WOMEN. Alberto Moravia. *Secker and Warburg*. 18s.

THEY CAME TO CORDURA. Glendon Swarthout. *Heinemann*. 15s.

THE YOUNG CÆSAR. Rex Warner. *Collins*. 16s.

WATER MUSIC. Bianca Van Orden. *Hart-Davis*. 18s.

AN END AND A BEGINNING. James Hanley. *Macdonald*. 16s.

TAKING IT EASY. Edward Hyams. *Longmans*. 16s.

THE ENDLESS COLONNADE. Robert Harling. *Chatto and Windus*. 15s.

A PENKNIFE IN MY HEART. Nicholas Blake. *Crime Club*. 12s. 6d.

THE two women of Signor Moravia's new novel are Cesira, a middle-aged widow and her daughter Rosetta. The story is told by Cesira and her self-portrait is the best in the book. Shrewd, hard-working and voluble, she has built up her late husband's grocery business and when Italy first goes into the war, she regards it as a nuisance but one with which she can cope. The daughter has been educated by the nuns to her mother's idea of gentility, she is a soft obedient girl on whose lush but still virginal charms Cesira dwells with a mixture of maternal pride and bawdy insistence. Gradually the food shortage and air raids make Rome unbearable, so like thousands of others everywhere, Cesira packs up and goes back to the country. She has money, her country cousins must have food, they will manage somehow. But they find that others have gone before them and the peasants are making the most of their advantage. Cesira drives the best bargain she can, tackling filth and primitive conditions with unfailing energy, always believing that once they are liberated from the Germans, everything will be all right. A young law student named Michele, something of an intellectual, tries to induce a little realism and a trace of social conscience. He is led away by the Germans and shot.

At last the Allies come, but they do not bring with them the conditions of normal life. For Cesira and Rosetta the worst is yet to come. Rosetta is raped by Moroccan soldiers (in a church); the shock doesn't kill her but it releases an insatiable sexuality which turns the docile pious girl into a cheap tart. In the company of a gang of crooks they press on towards Rome; one of the men is shot and Cesira, succumbing to her main driving force, acquisitiveness, steals his wallet. But Michele's philosophy has done its work; unlike Rosetta, she knows how low she has fallen, though she can talk herself out of it.

The writer's thesis is that no good can come out of war, only corruption, national and personal. With this is interwoven a belief that human dignity is indestructible; like Lazarus, the thief and the prostitute can live again. In Signor Moravia's philosophy the channel of grace is unspecified. This is unlikely to worry any of his thousands of readers; his virtue as a novelist resides in his energy, his inventiveness and command of detail, in the broad, strong outlines of his characterization: he works in the stuff of life without squeamishness. His best book, to my mind, is not *The Woman of Rome* but *Conjugal Love*; I should place this book midway between them.

They Came to Cordura has a foolproof story and it is written with economy and force. In 1916 American troops were active on the Mexican border against the bandit leader, Francisco Villa. Major Thorn is the Awards Officer, detailed to take five cavalymen recommended for decoration across the inhospitable desert to the American base at Cordura. With the five men he has to take a woman prisoner; she is an American ranch owner of dubious reputation, suspected of harbouring rebels.

In everything pertaining to the rising tensions between the ill-assorted men and the by no means passive woman, the book is brilliantly successful. The investigations of Thorn into the nature of courage struck me as discordant and pretentious. No wonder the men resented his questioning and grew to hate him as much for what he was as for the unwelcome discipline he had to enforce during a march plagued by hunger, thirst, sexual frustration, rebel sniping and finally the loss of their horses. The turn of the screw is meant to be provided by the fact that Thorn himself had once lost his nerve under fire; so that to the business of hauling lawless brutes and sick men to safety, is added the drama of Thorn's own need for expiation. This is a grim, ugly, but compellingly readable book; but the higher

NOVELS

claims made for it seem to me to be bogus. Its prototype is not *The Red Badge of Courage* but *The Wages of Fear*.

The classic urbanity of Rex Warner's attempt to reconstruct Julius Caesar's own reminiscences may at first obscure the fact that the subject matter is far more horrific than that of Signor Moravia or Mr. Swarthout. Civil war, assassinations, rapine, exploitation, jobbery and every kind of corruption were the endemic conditions of Caesar's world; he used them to rise to power but he never forgot that they were public evils. Private morality did not much concern him. *The Young Caesar* is remarkable not only for the sustained cadence of the style and the power of maintaining interest in a story that we all know so well: it contains some brilliant portraits, notably that of Caesar's uncle Marius, who has not hitherto received posterity's most enthusiastic press. Caesar's youth was overshadowed by the enmity of Sulla and of the "respectable" party in the Senate: he had, he says, the reputation of being "an eccentric demagogue" and needed to play politics with unmatchable skill in order to provide himself with a chance to rise. Another remarkable portrait is that of Cicero, whose literary style the diarist admires but whose claims to statesmanship he derides. Crassus, Pompey, Cato, Catiline and the others are all drawn mordantly yet with a kind of godlike tolerance. Ruthless, yet with a dislike of sheer cruelty; convivial, witty and extravagant, with a strong æsthetic sense and a distaste for mystical religious cults, the Caesar who speaks in this book is indeed the man who was to "bestride the narrow world like a colossus" and when the narrative stops, on the eve of Caesar's departure at the age of forty-three for the campaign in Gaul we, too, feel the excitement of what to him then was an unknown adventure.

I never now see an American girl, with her smooth shining head, flashing teeth, and impeccable ankles without wondering whether she has got one of those gay-funny know-it-all debunkings of the Vassarite's first year in Europe in her capacious "purse". Yet I can still enjoy them and I particularly enjoyed Bianca Van Orden's *Water Music*, not so much for its amorous involvements, though these are told with a genuine sense of comedy, as for its incidental seriousness and for its use of words, cascading like Italian fountains into images bright as Tuscan sun. Cally is an awkward girl, in love with Tosh, a sadistic young poet. Also in love with Tosh is Cally's brother; hovering around, her bright eyes seeking a victim, is Laura, the only one of the

party who can lay hold of any money, for the young expatriates having fled their families in Hardport, have to wangle their Chianti. There is a stage Marchesa who provides a deliberately stagey *dénoûment* and the combination of ultra modernity and artistic convention gives the book form as well as style. To read it is almost as good as being young and foolish in Italy again.

The saga of the Furies is in *An End and a Beginning* continued with the story of Peter Fury after his release from a fifteen-year prison sentence for murdering a backstreet moneylender. All this, and the background of the tragedy, including old Mrs. Fury who had sacrificed her entire family to her ambition to have one son a priest, has to be assembled, rather laboriously to tell the truth, from scenes of obscure, allusive dialogue and musings, sometimes in the present, sometimes in the past, so that it is not until Peter's arrival at the old Downey house at Rath Na, to keep a mysterious appointment with his sister-in-law Sheila, that the book really comes to life. In this latter part of the book there is a surprising portrait, macabre with a touch of comedy, in the figure of Winifred Fetch, the Downey's housekeeper.

Edward Hyams has generally used his fertile talent in satire: I shall always remember *Sylvester*, *Gentian Violet* and *The Slaughterhouse Informant* with joy. *Taking it Easy* is a "straight" novel, though a good many darts are thrown. It is a first person story; told by one of those odd men out who on one level may become prophets of English radicalism and on another Ma's little boys selling dubious goods on the fringes of suburban markets. The "hero" of *Taking it Easy* is first met in the closing stages of the war: he has something highly secret to do with radar in the Fleet Air Arm. He has acquired, rather absentmindedly, a beautiful wife who is obviously going to take herself off with someone who is a better provider than Tom. The man arrives; his name is Ray Martin: he is handsome, genial, generous and confidence trickery is in his bones. Tom is almost as bowled over by Ray as is Matilda; when they finally go off together, a friendly contact is maintained, and it is Tom who has to get Ray out of the country when his past threatens to catch up with him. The abandoned husband works as a market gardener, on a profit-sharing basis, with a tycoon appropriately called Sir Edgar Grimsby and so he becomes involved with the sluttish wife of another odd man out, who sells his vegetables.

To those half worlds of high and low life, where those who wish to contract out of the omniscient state go their devious ways, Mr. Hyams seems to have excellent charts. He presents most of his characters brilliantly, his wicked humour combined with a wry sympathy, but the method does not work so well with his hero, whose occasional support of conventional morality is somehow more irritating than his usual contempt for it. There is a tinge of self-pity in the character and I am not altogether sure that it was intended. Still, I enjoyed the book, satire and sentiment alike, and all those who like to hear an individual voice should read it.

The Endless Colonnade takes us back to Italy. A psychiatrist who has recently lost a much loved wife is persuaded by a friend to go with him on one of those high-class cultural tours. This gives the author an opportunity to display his knowledge of Italian architecture, which he does superbly, but not at the expense of his story, which includes an exciting love affair told with genuine feeling and an encounter with Soviet agents which, although these fictional involvements with would-be traitors have become the routine, is handled intelligently and with a smashing climax involving a chase along the great Bernini colonnade of St. Peter's. Here again is brilliant entertainment, not for the million but, I hope, for more than a few.

A Penknife in My Heart exploits the idea that you can get away with murder if you can successfully conceal your connection with the victim. Charles Hammer, an unscrupulous young man who is likely to lose a fortune if his behaviour is exposed to his rich uncle, meets, he thinks, his ideal stooge in a Norfolk pub. Ned Stowe is also at the end of his tether: he is being slowly drained of life by a nagging frustrated wife who will not divorce him and his fond and luscious mistress is beginning to tire of a hopeless affair. Pretending to interest his man in a smuggling expedition, Hammer makes his proposal: he will dispose of Stowe's wife if Stowe will despatch his uncle.

The idea, as the author admits, has been used before, but Nicholas Blake has brought plenty of his own talent to the story; characterization which carries the reader over the hurdles of the plot; settings and detail which convince, and a breath of welcome unpredictability in the dénouement. The suspension of disbelief has seldom been more willingly granted: this is the kind of thriller I particularly like.

RUBY MILLAR.

Theatre

By KAYE WEBB

"Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet" and "Twelfth Night" (Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon).

"The Trial of Mary Dugan" (Savoy).

"Living for Pleasure" (Garrick).

"For Adults Only" (Strand).

"The Joshua Tree" (Duke of York's).

THE season at Stratford-on-Avon is now in full swing. Only *Much Ado About Nothing* (Googie Withers as Beatrice) still to come. Although no truly memorable things have emerged from the four productions already mounted, it may be fairly accounted a successful season, with Dorothy Tutin as its brightest and certainly its most hard-worked star, and Tony Richardson's inventive production of *Pericles* as the directorial triumph.

I was perhaps fortunate in seeing *Romeo and Juliet* some three weeks after its debut and finding that Dorothy Tutin's *Juliet*, after the reported initial uncertainties, has now blossomed into something very rare indeed. It is a thousand pities that her Romeo is so unworthy of her, otherwise we might have had a balcony scene of breathtaking beauty. But of the entire company, only Angela Baddeley, sacrificing her charm to become an irrepressibly bawdy Nurse, reaches the same class. It does seem that the Stratford management has been so concerned to give youth a chance that they have failed to take on enough talent to give their productions importance.

Michael Redgrave gave us a beautifully lucid *Hamlet*. Googie Withers was a youthfully voluptuous Queen with a range of voice which made the bedroom scene absorbing, and Dorothy Tutin was moving as Ophelia.

Twelfth Night was notable mainly for an unusually light-hearted and mischievous Olivia, which Geraldine McEwan contrived to make entirely acceptable. As Viola, Dorothy Tutin was boyish and touching, and Mark Dignam gave good value as Malvolio. But again, the company as a whole lacked interest.

If the impresario's intention was to present *The Trial of Mary Dugan* to us as a well-loved period piece, "one of the early thrillers" in fact, we think he made a mistake. A play about human relationships can stand up to any number of years, provided the basic conception is true, but a trick play is only as good as its surprises. *Mary Dugan*, unfortunately,

THEATRE

has none. This revival's chance of success, therefore, lies in its cast, which is indeed exceptional. Betsy Blair as Mary Dugan is so palpably good and charming that there is never any doubt of her innocence, but her wide-eyed simplicity and her skilful silences make us suffer with her; David Knight is excellent as her young lawyer brother.

Two new revues for summer evening distraction: one, *Living for Pleasure*, starring Dora Bryan, is good-tempered and moderately entertaining; the other, *For Adults Only*, is weak on music and song but viciously funny, and certainly one or two numbers are as good as those which bowled us over in the "Diversions" during the 1930s. I shall treasure for a long time the memory of Miriam Karlin having an orgy in the "super-duper-super-market" and remarking wonderingly from the depths of the deep-freeze department, "I never knew before that fish had fingers."

The author of *The Joshua Tree* has concentrated on surprise to the exclusion of all else and it is therefore impossible to give any description of the play without destroying its one attraction. There is an exciting and unexpected third act, but the slowness of the first two seems a heavy price to pay for it.

KAYE WEBB.

Music

By ROBIN DENNISTON

Interpreting

YOUNG pianists have interpretation added to technique like jam to bread and butter. It consists partly in the phrasing and dynamic marks of the editor and partly on the notions of the teacher. The former is a crude and often inaccurate guide; the classical composers, for instance, were not concerned with alterations—sudden or gradual—between loud and soft nor with pedal effects. They had no means of sustaining notes and graduated shades of softness were impossible to obtain on contemporary instruments. Besides, mere noise—in less or more degree—can only be the outward semblance of the composer's intention, whereas interpretation aims to carry across the composer's intimate meanings to the listener. Oftener than one supposes, many good composers have no intimate meanings, which makes interpretation a barren exercise and can lead to a forced and overloaded rendering of music which asks simply to play itself. As young musicians become, in time, concert performers in their own right, they mostly

transcend editorial instruction, betaking themselves, if they are sufficiently intellectual, to the original text; and they have already left their teachers behind, not only in technique but in understanding too. Soloists vary from the machine-gun, inexhaustible virtuoso—such as Peter Katin—and those meticulous, original and much more demanding performers, of whom John Hunt is a good example. Now over fifty, he has come up, musically, the hard way and he remains, for clear reasons, some rows behind the maestros who can fill the Festival Hall on a clammy evening. His Wigmore Hall recital last month was well attended as such macabre spectacles go, but the audience had come to listen to John Hunt renderings, not to dote on an idol. What Hunt lacks in virtuosity (and on contemporary standards this is a fair amount) he makes up in the higher reaches of interpretation. Here, too, a distinction can be made between interpretation which seeks above all to let the composer say what he has to say and that which extracts from the music suggestions and motives of which the composer himself might not even be aware. Hunt is in the latter category, as his playing of Brahms' *Three Intermezzi* (Op. 11) showed clearly. Most players forget the intellectual in Brahms and concentrate on the romantic; and there are few lush tunes in the repertoire than that of the first intermezzo. Hunt took this at a punishing pace; he sees clearer than most the complexity of the phrasing, but in bringing this to the surface failed to finish off the tunes as melodies. This is a common failing amongst those who try too hard. It is rare to find a balance struck in a piece such as the slow movement of Beethoven's Op. 13 between the relative values to be given to the song and its accompaniment, and the need for the song to be a song, to flow from first note to last with only such hesitations as the music helps itself to without being asked. John Hunt was better served by Debussy in the second half of the concert than by Schubert and Chopin earlier on. Both the latter composers are melodists. They are not intellectual and their counterpoint might not have gained one of them a Mus. Doc. Interpreters therefore should concentrate on the fulfilment of the melodic line. With a composer like Debussy the interpreter-pianist can have a field-day, for barring infidelity to the text there are an infinite number of alternatives presented to the inquirer, almost all of them equally attractive. In simpler classical music the interpreter-pianist is at a disadvantage since the latter end of the

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

interpretation of this kind of music is to be cancelled out in the music itself. This is how Beecham, for instance, plays Mozart—having taken endless pains over every smallest detail in rehearsal, with the performance he lets the music play itself. This self-transcendence on the part of the interpreter is something which John Hunt finds it hard to do. Where there is final accord between interlocutors, interpretation is otiose.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

Records

Orchestral

A REVIEWER is apt to forget that he alone is bound to play the discs he proposes to write about all through, and so may be severe about a choice of material meant primarily to be sampled. Thus few would feel inclined, perhaps, to listen to the twelve Mozart Minuets (K568) on end, which occupy the second side of a recording of the "Jupiter" Symphony by Harry Blech and his London Mozart Players (H.M.V. CLP1181). Composed for the Christmas Eve ball in the Redoutensaal in the same year as the symphony, these Minuets, one and all delightful, are well played and recorded, but the "Jupiter," in most ways excellently done, is sometimes a little unpolished in detail.

Kempe, with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra playing beautifully, gives an affectionate performance of Brahms's Second Symphony—plenty of carefully shaped detail here—which I found most enjoyable (H.M.V. ALP1386). If the lovely slow movement of Mahler's Fourth Symphony is eloquently played, and never hurried, and the enchanting soprano solo in the last movement sung with a child-like innocence and with tenderness, then—all other things being more or less equal—that will be the version for me. And so it proves to be in the performance by Kletzki with the Philharmonia Orchestra and Emmy Loose as soloist (Columbia 33CX1541). It would be difficult to have a finer, more satisfying performance than Solomon gives of Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto (C minor) with Herbert Menges and the Philharmonia Orchestra providing the admirably played orchestral part. On the reverse Solomon plays the two-movement F Major Sonata, Op. 54, an infrequently heard work that does not readily yield up its secrets, but with which one can get on intimate terms in

Solomon's beautiful performance. The recording is excellent (H.M.V. ALP1546).

Ideas differ considerably about the interpretation of Brahms's Second Piano Concerto (B flat), but though Knappertsbusch would not be my own choice of conductor, he is at one with Clifford Curzon's deeply considered view of the work. It tends to be more meditative and less hurried than some critics like, but they must allow it is the product of a finely musical mind. The orchestra is the Vienna Philharmonic and the recording, though uneven, is generally good (Decca LXT 5434).

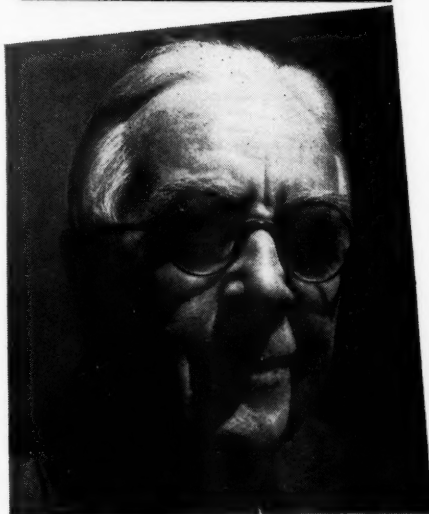
I had the pleasure of introducing Rostropovitch when he gave a most masterly and beautiful performance of the Dvořák Cello Concerto on TV, and it is a joy to find him again at the top of his form in this fine and well-recorded disc, in which Sir Adrian Boult conducts the R.P.O. (H.M.V. ALP1595). Ansermet adds to his re-recordings with the Suisse Romande Orchestra the Debussy *Nocturnes* and Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite*, the latter with two extra pieces taken from the complete ballet; a most delightful disc (Decca LXT5426). Beecham gives us, as only he can, on H.M.V. ALP1586, Delius's *Brigg Fair*, *A Song before Sunrise*, the *First Cuckoo in Spring*, *Summer Night on the River*, and the *Intermezzo* from the short opera *Fennimore and Gerda*, which should be recorded. (Two more slight pieces of little music worth are added.) Lovers of Delius's music will not need to be urged to acquire this glorious disc.

Also recommended. Excellent performances of Mozart's Clarinet, and Flute and Harp, Concertos with Bram de Wilde, Hubert Barwahser and Phia Berghout as soloists, van Beinum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra (Philips ABL 3217). Excerpts from Prokofiev's ballet *Romeo and Juliet*—drawn from all three suites and splendidly played by Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (R.C.A. RE25001). Two Overtures by Rawsthorne, *Street Corner*, and *Practical Cats*, and ballet suite *Madame Chrysanthème*: lively and light-hearted music conducted by the composer with the Pro Arte Orchestra and very well recorded (Pye CEM36010).

Chamber Music

Bach's Concertos in C Minor and C Major for two harpsichords and orchestra are great fun to play on two pianos at home but in the concert hall, and even more so on disc, sound much more satisfactory on the instruments

JOHN IRELAND



IGOR STRAVINSKY



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for which they were written; the anti-phonical exchanges are often clearer. Thurston Dart, Denis Vaughan and the Philomusica of London, directed by Dart, give excellent performances of the works, and he also plays the F Minor Harpsichord Concerto very acceptably (L'Oiseau Lyre OL50165). There is a welcome recording of Dvořák's last string quartet, G Major, by the Barchet Quartet, the first two movements of which are among his finest in the medium (Vox PL9230).

Also recommended. Two rarely heard but very enjoyable cello and piano sonatas by Mendelssohn (No. 2, D Major, Op. 58) and Strauss—an early work, F Major, Op. 6—both splendidly played by André Navarra and Ernest Lush (Parlophone PMC1058). Serenade in D Major ("Haffner") K250 and March in the same key, K249. Philipp Mattheis (solo violin) with Mogens Wöldike conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra (Vanguard PVL7055).

The poetic beauty of Richard Farrell's playing of Debussy's *Clair de lune*, Granados's *Lover and the Nightingale* and Grieg's *Papillon* (from the *Lyric Pieces*) bring a poignant reminder of the tragic death in a car accident last May, at the early age of thirty-one, of this very gifted artist whose talents this little disc worthily commemorates (Pye CEC32008).

Choral, Song, and Opera discs must be held over till next month, together with some considerations on stereophonic recording.

ALEC ROBERTSON.

Finance

By LOMBARDO

THE news of the Middle East crisis came at the end of a good Stock Exchange Account when confidence had been hardening and market men had been expecting a broadening of the firmer trend which had been developing in some sections. In the first stages of the progress of the news from Iraq the market showed a natural uncertainty with the oil market leading the downturn in prices. Initially the jobbers marked Middle East oils only a few shillings down, but when selling developed the fall quickened and at one time B.P. touched 94s. 10½d. against 112s. 6d. before the first news. As the news changed from day to day and hopes and fears alternated, violent fluctuations occurred. Bear selling was followed by covering and nervous sales which caused jobbers to slash prices

were followed by institutional buying of "cheap" stock at the lower levels.

The Funds React

The gilt-edged market was very firm before the crisis news came. Prices reflected the general opinion of the professional investors that another reduction in Bank Rate would not be long delayed. The Chancellor's review of the economy, the indications that the authorities were cautiously changing from a policy calculated to stem inflation to one of expansion to prevent recession, gave reasonable ground for the expectation of a consequent rise in prices of Government stocks. Jobbers were carrying stock on their books, and the level of prices was technically vulnerable. This was a very unfavourable situation for bad news. Nervous selling by both the public and the merchant banks caused substantial falls. On July 17 the market had its worst day since 7 per cent. Bank Rate last September.

On that day (a Thursday) War Loan 3½ per cent. fell to 66, against the high point for the week of 68 ⅞. It was notable, however that by that time there was no heavy selling, most of the fall being due to marking down by jobbers in defence against small sellers.

The sudden and quite unexpected foreign crisis has naturally completely changed the prevalent view about the probable future trend of economic affairs at home, at least as far as money rates are concerned. There is now no thought of an imminent lowering of Bank Rate. Indeed, the opposite is now considered a possibility, for it is realized that a rise may be necessary if the weakness of sterling continues. The official rate against the dollar at the beginning of "crisis week" was \$2.80½, but by the end of the week it was \$2.79½. The dollar was not strong and the weakness of sterling was mainly against Continental currencies, particularly the D-mark. Foreign holders of sterling preferred the currency of those countries not immediately involved in the turmoil of the Arab countries.

Fears and Uncertainties

In both the gilt-edged and the industrial markets the fluctuations have reflected the fears and hopes which chased each other daily as the news changed. As we go to press the mood has improved. Assurances from the rebel regime in Baghdad that obligations to foreign oil interests in Iraq will be respected, has caused a better market in Middle East oil shares. Nevertheless, so many uncer-

FINANCE

tainties remain that markets are extremely sensitive. The dependence of Western European economy on Arab oil, so painfully demonstrated during the Suez crisis, has once again been revealed by the Nasser-directed *coup* in Baghdad, and no one can say what Europe's oil situation might be from week to week.

It is recognized that the Middle East oil-bearing countries must sell their oil to maintain the economic standards that have been built up by the development of their oil resources by the western nations: so far the military clique who have murdered Iraq's King and Prime Minister have been careful to keep the oil flowing. Oil production and export to usual markets will continue, they have declared, and added the promise that all installations will be protected. Though the desire for the oil revenues makes it probable that these promises will be kept, it is also likely—almost a certainty—that in the near future the rebels in Iraq, if their *coup* is consolidated, will follow Nasser's example and nationalize the oil industry with little or no compensation for a repudiation of

all contracts and agreements. The swift action of the American Government in the Lebanon and of the British Government in Jordan called a halt to the Moscow inspired and Egyptian directed designs for a similar "revolt" in those countries, but the situation prevailing as we go to press is grave enough for Western Europe.

Europe's Oil Situation

The position of oil stocks and carrying capacity in Europe is very much better to tide Europe over the crisis than at the time of Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal. Stocks are high and there is a plethora of tanker tonnage. Dollar oil production can be substantially increased at short notice, if necessary, though large-scale purchases of American oil would put an undesirable strain on our dollar reserves. As long as the flow of Middle East oil is assured, this problem will not arise. The uncertainty of the cost to Europe of the oil essential to her economy will remain, however, until the companies know the outcome of the current turmoil in Iraq.

LOMBARDO.

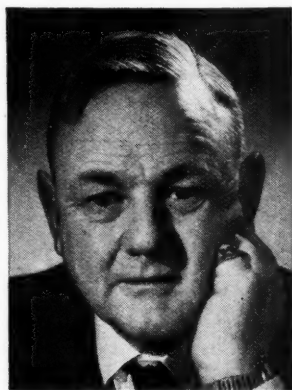


Photo by courtesy "Sunday Times"

The Rt. Hon. LORD HAILSHAM Q.C.

APPEALS FOR CANCER RESEARCH

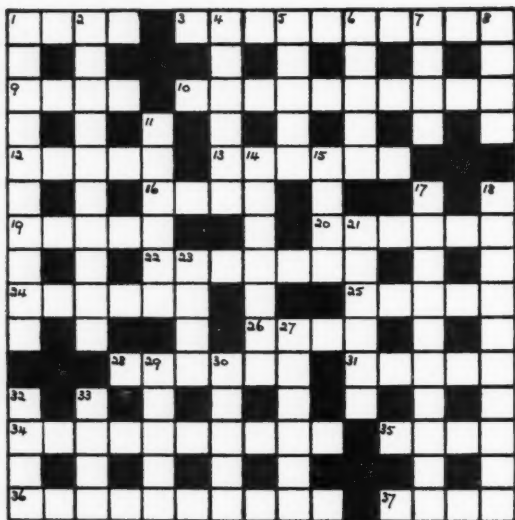
Lord Hailsham writes: "The Imperial Cancer Research Fund, which is under the highest medical and scientific direction, is continually engaged in the work of Cancer Research in its own modern laboratories. The work is now to be still further increased in new laboratories at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Very heavy expenditure is involved, and help is urgently needed from generous-hearted people to meet the cost. I hope, therefore, that the appeal may evoke a most generous response."

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ACROSS.—1. Petroleum. 9. Errata. 10. Midstream. 11. Repair. 12. Constable. 13. Intact. 14. Lea. 19. Honesty. 20. Dessert. 21. End. 26. Temple. 27. Ruritania. 28. Osprey. 29. Stingaree. 30. Potter. 31. Ember days.

DOWN.—1. Rear light. 2. Dripstone. 3. Staircase. 5. Episode. 6. Resist. 7. Lariat. 8. Usable. 14. Lye. 15. Add. 16. Aspersion. 17. Temperate. 18. Steelyard. 22. Nailery. 23. Custom. 24. Fiance. 25. Maraud.

ACROSS

1. Fruit with sound peel (4)
3. Assembly, part male in composition (10)
9. Odds and ends in short supply (4)
10. Upset after a visit to the hairdresser? (10)
12. "The . . . suffers little birds to sing." Shakespeare (*Titus Andronicus*) (5)
13. Misfortune over? (6)
16. A game explorer (4)
19. Dance with colour and energy (5)
20. Modern centre rebuilt (6)
22. Does this composer give colour to his work? (7)
24. Almost oriental feast (6)
25. Rent a converted cave (5)
26. One sees a pupil in her (4)
28. Spotted many fruit (6)
31. Makes me return the tip and put things right (5)
34. Nothing was demolished in the capital (10)
35. Near average (4)
36. Official advertisement about part of a ship (10)
37. Painful swelling appearing in one's last years (4)

CLUES

DOWN

1. Characteristics of correct neckwear (10)
2. Oddly enough, toasting an opponent (10)
4. A necessary of a grandfather (6)
5. Alter perhaps subsequently (5)
6. Supports as about to gamble (5)
7. The church must face it (4)
8. Neat—and considerable too! (4)
11. About to sit and rest (6)
14. When a man is willing this may be added (7)
15. Go back with some soldiers for a monster (4)
17. There should be no debtors in this colony! (10)
18. An announcement of the time of the ball? (10)
21. Red Sea may be thus obliterated (6)
23. A journey that can be upsetting (4)
27. Get out of form? (6)
29. A cross on an island needs no explanation (5)
30. These attendants may be brought to book (5)
32. Swoop but miss the duck for a change (4)
33. Poisonous things an animal swallows quietly (4)

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